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STRAY LEAVES FROM MY PORT-FOLIO.

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THE NEW YEAR.

*Eighteen hundred and thirty seven!*—How swiftly old Time hurries on! It seems but yesterday that we paused, half startled with the strange words, eighteen hundred and thirty six; and now another year has gone, and its events are recorded and laid up in the archives of eternity.

It is a time for sober thoughts, and I would sit down by your side, even as familiarly as an old friend, kind reader, and converse with you of our hopes and fears; and I would recur back with you to the year which has just passed away, and compare the present with old anticipations. We are not what we were a year since; nor are we conditioned according to our well established hopes. Though the time seem but brief, how many, oh! how many disappointments has it brought. How often have our feet rested upon the fresh broken sod, as we have looked down with tearful eyes and bruised spirits, into the grave where they were burying from our sight those who were dear to us as the desert spring to the weary traveller! How many friends have grown cold, or turned from us in the bitterness of wounded pride! How many well laid schemes of worldly honor or emolument have proved to be as chaff before the blast of autumn! But all these were nothing, if the heart had known no change. If with the same buoyancy of spirit we could look into the future, and realize the joys of anticipation, untroubled by the low whispers of experience. But how are we changed! And with what a leaden weight does the memory of disappointed hopes lie upon our bosoms!

But let us not, in thus pondering on the sober realities of life, rest sadly in so enervating a condition of feeling. Let us draw wisdom from the past, for it is the great store-house of wisdom. Our earthly expectations have proved to be vain. The friend welcomed has been unworthy of that love; and those whose affections were mingled with ours in the sweet intercourse of the heart, have been taken from us, and we left desolate, and weary, and bowed down in spirit.

Yet, if rightly considered, all these things may lead to a peace of mind which cannot be broken into by the vicissitudes of life. Expectation has failed—our loved ones have ‘changed, grown cold, or passed away.’ The light of existence has gone out. But there is a dearer hope that will be as an anchor to the soul. And there are sweet communings with a friend who is unchangeable, and whose love surpasseth even the love of that one who divided our being.

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#### THERE IS CONSOLATION IN AFFLICITION.

It is many years since I heard a lady, who had borne much sorrow, remark, that in affliction she could always find consolation, but that trouble rested like an immense weight upon her heart. In bereavements the most distressing she could always recognize the hand of Providence; but for that trouble which the unkindness of friends, or the heartlessness of those in whom she had trusted, brought upon her, she felt that there was no remedy, and in it she realized the keenest pang that a wounded spirit can endure.

I was young then, and the remark struck me as being so singular that it became fixed in my memory. I soon understood its meaning. Since then I have suffered much, though numbering still but few years. I have seen the desire of my heart fail. I have looked upon the fair blossom that lay on my breast, and marked its leaves drooping and paling, until it dropped away from its stem, and fell blighted and withered at my feet. Yet even in my grief I have lifted my eyes tearfully, though confidently, and said, ‘It is thy will.’ But than all I have suffered, how much more heart-crushing has been the knowledge that one in whom I had confided had proved himself unworthy. Down into the cold grave I have looked, while the tear that fell upon the coffin of one I loved told of the softening influence of my grief! But when I have seen my confidence betrayed, and the high-minded friend I had valued debasing himself until his own mother has shrunk from him with loathing, how sternly have I turned away, burdened with a sense of anguish unutterable. From such a sorrow there is no relief. We cannot look up and say, ‘It is thy will.’ We feel that there is no hope. I have never known despair; but it has seemed almost despair, when I have sought in vain for one ray of light amid the darkness of such unavailing grief.

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#### THE PRESUMPTION OF IGNORANCE.

Arrogance and dogmatism too frequently accompany superficial acquirements. The mind, proud of its new-found knowledge, and not perceiving that it has but entered the outer court of wisdom’s temple, rests satisfied in its sense of perfect comprehensiveness. Very often the sciolist will arraign some deep searcher into the hidden wonders of science, and flippantly call in question his most wonderful discoveries,—will prate of things which he knows of only by their signs, and sneer at the ignorance of those whose minds labor with excess of knowledge. It becomes us to be modest. We can never be perfect in wisdom or learning. Our own first essay into the

mine where have been hidden for ages the gems of thought, and the pure ores of knowledge, it is no wonder that our eyes should be dazzled by the golden grains, and the sparkling of precious stones until our diminished vision can look no further. But after the first blindness has passed off, and our feet have led us into some of the deeper chambers, how poor, even as dross, will seem the shining dust and sparkling trifles that first bewitched our senses.

As the mysteries of science become more and more revealed to the understanding, he who is disposed at first to be a skeptic is led to put away his doubts in relation to the Great First Cause. Those who have but just entered upon their course of study, and who are too fond of drawing conclusions at every step, are often led into strange errors, but conviction will come at last, as the perfect order of all things in nature stands suddenly revealed to the wondering eyes. Look at Alphonso of Castile, and Sir Isaac Newton. The one, when he began to catch glimpses of the true theory of the heavenly bodies, and failed to reconcile them with many of his own well established notions of astronomy, was led to lament the imperfect works of the Creator, and to say, that if he had been admitted to His counsel he would have made a more perfect arrangement. The other, in his almost perfect knowledge, bowed his head in astonishment and awe before that Almighty Wisdom that had made all things in such wonderful perfection.

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#### M U S I N G S .

\* \* \* \* I am alone now. I have left the busy throng with whom I mingled and felt through the day, and am now blest with that self-communion I so much love. The fire has burned low on the hearth, and no longer influences thought by its active blaze. There is no sound abroad, save the rush of the deepening blast, and the occasional foot-fall of a hurrying passenger.

The hours have worn away until the midnight is here, and yet sleep has laid no burden upon my eyelids, nor dimmed the spirit's inward vision. Even forever it seems that I could sit as now, playing with strange thoughts and unutterable impressions. How breathless the deep repose of the chamber! It seems as if nature were hushed to that stillness which leaves even the outward ear free to recognize the whisperings of those invisible beings that people the world of spirits. I lift my head, half uncertain that words were not breathed in low, sweet tones, and my heart pauses in its thick pulsations with a strange expectation. Oh, are they not near me now, the dear ones who have left me alone in this dreary world? Surely I am not forgotten by those whom I mourn with a grief that will not take words from the comforter! Blessed spirits! I feel that you are near me now, and my heart is swelling with a joy that makes every chord thrill with impassioned numbers.

Strange thoughts!—wild impressions!—you have passed away, and I am myself again. In looking back over the day that is spent, it seems strange how I could have been so completely another being to what I now am. That I could have found enjoyment in the ardent pursuit of gain. That I

could have delighted, as it were, in worldly cares and anxieties. That I could have been all absorbed in the business of laying up treasures that perish in the using. How paltry now seem wealth, and fashion, and worldly splendor? Can it be true that a few hours since I was ardent in the pursuit of trifles like these, and feel not that yearning for the riches of thought which now seems the only wealth desirable! We are strangely—yea, fearfully and wonderfully made!

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#### THE MOURNER.

‘Why do n’t you visit the Miss Duncan’s, Harriet?’ said a friend to a young widow, over the grave of whose husband not a single spire of grass had yet sprung.

‘I feel no inclination to do so,’ was the mournful answer. ‘I would rather be alone in my sorrow.’

‘I cannot approve of your excluding yourself from society. Why should you mourn thus unavailingly, and shut yourself up from all your friends in the selfishness of grief? It is your duty to endeavour, as far as you can, to add to the happiness of those around you, and to conceal the pain you may yourself endure.’

The sufferer made no reply, but there was a tear on her pale cheek—and the slight tremor of her lips evidenced the painful thoughts that were passing within.

I turned away from the mourner and her friend. Surely, thought I, the sorrowing spirit might be allowed to indulge in the luxury of grief! Why should she be dragged from a dear seclusion to minister to the happiness of those upon whose hearts have fallen no sudden blight?

T. S. A.

*Baltimore, Md.*

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#### STANZAS.

‘THE Plant *Nepenthes* is a native of India. The leaves are alternate, partly embracing the stem at the base, and terminated by tendrils, each of which supports a deep membranous urn of an oblong shape, closed by a valve, like the lid of a box; this, in general, is filled with a sweet, limpid water. In the morning the lid is closed; but it opens during the heat of the day, and a portion of the water evaporates—this is replenished in the night, and each morning the urn is full and the lid shut. The parched traveller gladly avails himself of the water it affords, each urn containing about the measure of half a wine glass.’

In Eastern climes where ardent gleams the sun,  
Gilding each minaret, and tree, and flower,  
With crimson radiance—and gaily flings  
On all around of light a golden shower—

Where lavish nature mingles in the breeze,  
Refreshing odors with her spicy hand;—  
The rare *Nepenthes* waves its flexible form,  
The floral wonder of that fragrant land.

Deep in its flowery cups, the pearly dew  
 Sleeps like a fairy in a cowslip's bell,  
 As the rich tints of evening fade away,  
 And sable night broods o'er each hill and dell.

But when on high to run his glowing course,  
 Again to earth the orb of day returns—  
 The conscious blossom opes its humid leaves,  
 To yield him incense from its pendent urns.

If e'er thy heart know sorrow's gloomy night,  
 If anguish to thy cup of life be given—  
 Ope to the Sun of Righteousness thy soul ;—  
 The incense of thy heart, oh yield to Heaven.

F. B.

Bangor.

## THE DARK LAKE,

## A TALE OF SUPERSTITION.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

FLY ye profane! If not, draw near with awe :  
 Receive the blessing and adore the chance  
 Which threw in this Bethezda your disease,  
 If unrestored by this, despair your cure—  
 For here *resistless demonstration* dwells.

YOUNG.

I HAD been far from the home of my youth. I had traversed this globe North and South, East and West. I had seen much of men—I had marked their customs and various temperaments, without joining in any of their speculations. I had been a sort of harm'less Melmoth the Wanderer. I had kept aloof from the various circles which seemed to invite my confidence. I had been with them but not of them. I had seen many hearts laid open, while mine had been closed against the prying observer. This reserve, on my part, proceeded not from misanthropy. I loved my fellow creatures ; I rejoiced in their good fortune, and sympathized with their sorrows. But I had not found a suitable companion for my own heart. I had met with none who appeared to feel as I could feel. There was a coldness, an indifference in their very friendships that chilled my blood ; and I returned to the flourishing hamlet in which I had been educated, disheartened and dissatisfied with my observations in the great world. I was still young—possessed of wealth, and—as the reader will perceive by my style of writing—gifted with no mean share of literary talent. Concerning my personal graces, it is sufficient to say that my wife, who is a particular body, frankly confesses that she prefers me to any other man. My feelings, on recognizing the well-remembered scenes of my childhood, I will not pretend to describe.

A pleasant but sad reminiscence seemed to sit bestraddle of every rustling leaf that shook in the breezes of my native hills. The tall pines, the low cottages in the valley, the rock from which I had so often jumped in the pride of new-breeched daring, the sound of the tinkling cow-bells—all, all were there. I had seen gayer houses, more splendid seats, more romantic and delicious landscapes, more heavy, Gothic, time-daring structures—but nothing that looked so innocent, so sweet—nothing that could so warp the line of experience until the commencement of my earthly career seemed to curl up and touch the latter part of it—until childhood and manhood mingled their thoughts, feelings, and anticipations together—like a child laying its hand upon the lion's mane. Some things were altered it is true. Some of the buildings had undergone repairs, and, I say it with shame, some of them were a little modernized. No matter, the old women reaped the advantage of getting shavings to kindle their fires with. I had been absent five years, and, of course, many an unripe maiden had mellowed into womanhood—many a promising bud had expanded into a full bloom and delicious flower. I was a mere boy when I left home, and the girls with whom I associated, were too young to breathe the tell-tale sigh; but now that they had become young women, the interest with which we greeted each other was of a compound nature. I was not only an old acquaintance, but also a marriageable youth. I was invited to many of the village parties, and to some of them I went. But there was one gentle being whom I did not see among the young ladies that I met at these assemblies. As every word that I uttered, was sedulously noted and a thousand times repeated, I hesitated to inquire for her. The curious throng might imagine there was something 'pekoiliar' about it. Yet she had been uppermost in my thoughts during my wanderings abroad. But for her, I might have forgotten that I had a home—yet it was but a childish fancy. The reader may laugh if he will, but I never could forget the manner in which her frock became her. In my boyhood's years, I had frequently lain awake, and dreamed of Emeline's blue frock—and now that I was nearly twenty-two years of age the recollection of that garment was enough to drive sleep from my eyes. That blue frock seemed to have a *heart* in it, and every wave of its folds was a telegraphic signal to the god of love. Ay, I had seen its gatherings about the front, rise and fall, as emotions stirred the throbbing bosom beneath them. But at that time, she was almost a child. Perhaps Time had wrought the same hardening process on her, with which he is wont to steel those who are destined to encounter the rough blasts of this world, reversing the text, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' by tempering the shorn lamb to the wind. If I was not in love with Emeline, I was, at least, curious respecting her. At length, I mustered sufficient courage to inquire if she were living—and so ingeniously did I put the question that not a shrug, start or equivocal glance betrayed the suspicion of the interrogated. I take the greater credit to myself, because the being whom I addressed on the subject, was the last person in the village whom a bungling workman could have deceived. She was a tall busy-body, on whose parchment face was registered a list of all the deaths, marriages and seductions which had taken place since her remembrance, which, I assure the reader, is saying *a great*

*deal.* Not that her memory was particularly retentive, or rigidly *correct*, but it had been in operation nearly forty years. I would not be understood to insinuate that Miss Mehitable Ganderberry was one of that class of old maids whose charms have gone before them to judgment, whose beauties, like the leaf of Autumn, have faded utterly away. By no means; Mehitable, although she had grown old until she got tired, and had come to a complete stand-still in that respect, for several years, had not lost a single personal grace—for she never had one. I was honored with Mehitable's attentions at a ball. I had seated myself in an obscure corner, when I felt a rap on the shoulder, and, at the same time, heard the mincing tones of this ancient, 'How now—in another of your brown studies, Mr. D——?'

'I have been trying,' said I, 'to recollect the names of all the young ladies in the room. Their countenances are familiar to me—but their names do not strike me so readily. Yon girl in the middle of the floor is Jane Lockwood, I believe. This one, in the yellow frock, is Emeline M——, and the'—

'You are out! you are out!' cried she, wringing her hands, and trying to laugh girlishly—'That is Miss Jemima Lawrence.'

'Very likely,' said I affecting to yawn, I see now, she is older than Emma M——.'

'Pshaw! how you forget! Emeline is her name—not Emma. But have you not heard of that family?'

'Why, there are so many—'

'But this is something peculiar!' cried she. 'They are all gone!'

The start of surprise which I gave was perfectly justified by the circumstances, and evinced an interest in Mehitable's discussions. She told me that the M—— family had been visited by repeated misfortunes. From being one of the wealthiest families in town, they became the most indigent. The proud mother of Emeline had died of chagrin, on the very week that she was compelled to descend from the stately white mansion on Primrose Hill and take refuge in a hired cottage. The hand of sickness had been laid heavily on her ruined husband, and Emeline had become of small account in the village.

'But where are Emeline and her father?' cried I, no longer hesitating to betray the deep interest which I felt in the friends of my childhood. Mehitable turned her pearl-colored face toward me, and gave an incredulous hollow laugh, before she answered—'why, I don't know, where should they be? Nobody knows. They have not been seen for these two years. But I went into their cottage, after they had left the village, and although every thing looked mighty clean—you know they were dreadful proud and haughty people—yet there was no signs that there had been furniture in the place sufficient for a paddy family.'

'But Miss Ganderberry, had they no friends in the village?'

'The good book tells us,' said she—'that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."'

'The good book also tells us some other things' said I tartly, 'which you are old enough to understand, but which you find it mighty convenient to forget.'

'Well,' returned she—'every body was afraid of affronting them by an offer of assistance—and as they never asked'—

'Asked!' cried I, in a tone which made Mehitable start, and, rising on my feet, I left her, while every vein in my body swelled to bursting.

I was now anxious to conceal my emotions, by mingling with the crowd, and soon found myself contiguous to a knot of story-tellers, as I supposed, for the subject of their conversation partook of the marvellous. I soon discovered, however, that the scene of their stories was laid in a thick forest that lay about two miles from the village, toward the rising sun. They spoke mysteriously of a lake in the centre of Blackwood Forest. I could perceive that the listeners held their breaths when this lake was mentioned, and the girls compressed their shoulders and looked toward the windows. I, therefore, moved into the heart of the circle in order to hear more distinctly the principal spokesman. He stated that frightful apparitions had been encountered on the shores of the lake—that lights of all colors had been seen dancing over its waters—and that unearthly noises had been heard by hunters who had lingered until dusk in the forest. A little fat fellow, with very large eyes, then took up the tale, and declared that one John Sawyer, a stout fellow who feared nothing short of Beelzebub, and no part of him but his horns, had declared in his hearing that he would not approach the lake in Blackwood Forest for a thousand fox tails—for he had once, not a year ago, been sadly frightened there. He had encountered a large fish, walking upright on the end of his tail, with a winding sheet wrapped around him, and more than a thousand little rabbits following in his rear. A girl then stated that some forty or fifty years ago, a minister was murdered in the forest, and thrown into the lake.

'But,' cried the fat younker, who seemed desirous of maintaining his superiority on this occasion—'There was no ghost there till lately. I have fished in that lake myself.'

'And I will fish there to-morrow—nay, I will go to the lake to-night, if one of you will be my guide,' said I, advancing and fixing my eyes on the last speaker.

The crowd shrunk back from me, and stared in astonishment at my presumption. In the next moment, all eyes were fixed on a tall, slender youth with smooth black hair and narrow forehead, who had been a silent listener to the marvels of the night. He seemed to understand the appeal, and slowly said—'I know what you all look at me for. You have heard me say that I would go and look at this ghost, if I could get anybody to go with me—but such a cloudy night, when it looks like rain'—

'Clear star light! clear star light!' cried a dozen voices at once.

'Is it!' said he going to the window, with a pale smile on his cheek. 'So it is. Well, who would have thought it! It looked like rain when I came in.'

'Then why did you not bring your umbrella?' cried the plump youth—straddling in front of the other, and looking most courageously in his face. The tall youth looked around upon the girls, and felt that his *honor* was in danger. He began to button up his coat, and step toward me.

'You shan't go, Alpheus!' cried a dark-eyed maiden laying her hand

imperatively on his shoulder. The intrepidity of Alpheus gained strength fast when female opposition was brought to bear on his desperate purpose. A large burley youth called Johnson then stepped forward, and gave me his hand in hearty theatrical style. 'I'll accompany you, sir'—said he promptly—'a man cannot die but once.' A dozen blue eyes brightened at this brave speech. Emulation was abroad. Half a dozen more came forward.

'You do not intend to leave us girls all alone?' said Mehitable, shuddering.

'Alone!' said one of my party—'there are one, two, three—seven gentlemen left with you.'

'What can they can do—a set of cowards!' said a beautiful little fairy, pouting.

This was enough, and every youth in the apartment flocked around me.

'We will go with them,' said Mehitable, whose fears of the bloody apparition vanished at the thought of being in the vicinity of solid masculine flesh. As the age of Miss Ganderberry was a sufficient guarantee against her advising any imprudent step, the bevy of young ladies ran incontinently for their cloaks and hats. We sallied forth. The lads pioneered my way, and so bravely did they bear themselves, that I several times caught myself in close proximity to the chattering maidens in the rear. We crossed a pleasant cornfield, and then ascended a round topped hill, from which the black forest could be distinctly seen. Johnson and the other young men halted on the top of that hill until I came up. As I drew near, I overheard one of them, saying, 'He don't seem so brave, now. He rather lags, Joseph.'

'No matter,' was the reply, 'we can do well enough without him.'

When I joined them, they pointed out the forest to me. It was a gloomy spot, indeed. We remained on the hill until the girls came to our sides. They looked at the forest, and at one another. There is a sort of freemasonry among the ladies, by the medium of which, they read each other's thoughts. In a moment, they began to descend the hill in silence; and we remained at our post, watching their retreat, until we saw them enter the village in safety.

'So, the girls are gone!' said 'Joseph' with a heavy sigh. 'Well, we can do well enough without them.'

We continued our journey. The young man, called Joseph, began to denounce the village shoemaker in a tone of bitterness for which there seemed to be no apparent cause. As we drew nearer to the forest, his complaints became more frequent, until his shoes pinched his feet so badly that he declared he could go no farther.

'It is a long walk, and these boys are very inconvenient,' replied Joseph's friend. In a moment, Joseph had fallen back, and as we were crossing the last pasture which had intervened between us and the wood, I heard his voice raised, far in our rear, in bitter denunciation of every cobbler in Christendom. On looking behind, I saw that Joseph's friend had accompanied him in his retreat, that affectionate worthy having considered it imprudent to let Joseph go home alone in the present state of his feet.

My companions now drew up around me, and their discourse which had

been carried on in a loud voice became barely audible. But, just as we were drawing under the shadow of the scattering trees on the margin of the forest, a cloud passed over the moon. We mechanically looked up, and saw that Alpheus' prediction of a rain storm was about to be verified. Johnson was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, and regretted that he had left his cloak behind. The dismal howl of a fox which rang through the lonely wood, reminded another of our company that his sister, who had formed one of our party at the outset, would be very uneasy about him. The tangled underwood suggested to another that his indispensables were not made of sailecloth, and that superfine was very high. In short, before we had fairly entered the forest, Johnson loudly declared that he had seen enough; that he was now convinced that there was no ghost on the premises, and that we had set out on a wild-goose chase; but, by no logical deductions—although I have frequently thought learnedly on the matter—have I been able to trace the connexion between the bold skepticism of my friend Johnson, and the astonishing speed with which he made the best of his way out of the forest. The most charitable conclusion to which I come is, that he and two others who retreated with him, were afraid of the rain.

Having penetrated the forest about three hundred paces, I inquired how far we must go to find the lake. Alpheus, who had certainly behaved better than any of my followers, replied that we had got a mile to walk.

'A mile!' cried the short fleshy young man, who had still stuck to us. There was something in his voice that sounded very much like fear, at which I was surprised, for I had given him credit for a small share of physical firmness. When he persuaded off two more of my company, and went in search of Johnson, I perceived that his close attachment to the party had resulted from his terror at the idea of going home alone. Another detachment left us, and I was alone with Alpheus. He did look behind and pause when he saw his companions struggling through the brush, as if they were pursued by a crocodile, but he mustered all his resolution, and declared his intention of standing by me to the last. We, therefore, pushed forward toward the lake. If there was ever a wood that apologized for cowardice, it was the one in which I now found myself. It was so exceeding dark that my companion and I could scarcely distinguish each other. The ground was broken, and our feet and ankles were bruised at every step by sharp flints and thorns. Added to which, the creaking of branches, the strange and inexplicable noises, the rustling of snakes and other reptiles among the dry leaves, the cries of night-birds, and howling of foxes, that I several times caught myself in coming to an involuntary stand. In supernatural appearances I had no faith—but poor Alpheus seemed to think of nothing else. 'What's that!' was his frequent exclamation when a withered stump, or a mossy branch presented itself in our front; for I should fear no perjury, if I declared that he neither looked behind nor on either side of him. At length we caught a slight glimpse of the fearful lake through an opening in the trees. Alpheus shrunk back and trembled. The sight of those dark waters appeared to have turned him instantly to stone. There was just then an awful silence on either side of us. It was some minutes before I could prevail on my companion to advance. We went forward in silence, until

we arrived at a point where a full view of that fitful sheet of water, burst suddenly upon us. My companion uttered one loud scream that echoed from shore to shore, and fled. I called on him in vain. He was, in a moment, out of sight and hearing. I was mystified by the strange conduct; but on once more turning my eyes toward the lake, I wondered no longer at his terrors. The lake was about one mile from shore to shore. Black and gigantic trees hung over its margin, and in some places the branches were laved by the water. The lake itself was dismal enough; but in its very centre was the actual form of a human being dressed in white, and apparently moving about in a slight canoe. The moon had again broken forth in all her splendor, and her beams seemed to polish the blackened surface of the still lake. In fearful contrast, the white spectre maintained its place in the middle of this stygian pool. The effect which this sight had upon me was precisely contrary to that which it had wrought upon Alpheus. I now felt as if I had seen all; but I also felt determined to find out what that all was. I had never given the least credence to tales of the supernatural, and I knew that if I now went away a believer in apparitions, I should be a coward all my life. Of course, I must believe that the object before me was either a ghost, or a living mortal. Appearances were strongly in favor of the former supposition. While casting about in my mind for some plan by which I could come at the truth, I observed that the canoe moved slowly toward the shore. For a moment, my resolution wavered, and a movement calculated to dispel superstitious illusions had rather the effect to confirm them—as if this mysterious being was possessed of that kind of intuition by which he could discover the encroachment of a human being on his territories without the aid of the senses. But what soon tended to dispel this fear was the circumstance that the canoe appeared about to touch at a point of land at some distance from the place where I stood. I immediately formed the resolution to creep along under cover of the foliage, until I should be able to judge of the character of the mysterious waterman. It is unnecessary to make my reader acquainted with all the various cogitations which checkered my bosom while advancing toward the spot where the apparition appeared about to land. Such was the state of the ground that I was sometimes obliged to take a wide circuit in order to escape gullies and other impediments, at which times I lost sight of the spectre. At length I came upon the apparition so suddenly, that I was compelled to shrink back behind a thicket before I had made any discovery. Here I remained a few moments, for I heard the footsteps of the mysterious being on the strand. At length all was still and I ventured to peep forth from my hiding place. The form was *female*—strikingly elegant, but clad in simple white apparel. Her back was toward me, and I watched her motions. She slid her light canoe under a canopy of twigs and rocks which completely hid it from observation. She then took up something from the ground, and, singing a plaintive air, which, it struck me I had heard before, set out to leave the place. I came to the conclusion that she was a maniac; yet I had never heard of any such unfortunate girl in the vicinity. Having gone so far in this business, I resolved to follow her. She seemed to be perfectly acquainted with the forest; and, by keeping in her

track, I was enabled to escape many of the difficulties which I had encountered when guided by Alpheus. When we came out into the open fields, I became sensible of the danger of discovery, for she, several times, looked about her, as if fearful of some disagreeable encounter. The path which she now took led away from the village. I followed her about three miles over hills, rocks, and meadows, until she suddenly disappeared. My superstitious feelings were once more in the ascendant; but I kept steadily on until I came to the spot where she had vanished. Here I found a small hut, built up against the side of a large rock. I could not readily find any thing that resembled a door, but on seeing a crevice through which a stream of light was pouring. I applied my eyes to the fissure. The interior of the hut was poorly supplied with comforts; but it contained one elegant piece of furniture which would have adorned the palace of the Caesars. A maid, who might well have been mistaken for a supernatural being, as every lineament of her countenance was angelic, leaned over the humble pallet of her sick father, and supplied him with that food which she had braved the horrors of Blackwood Forest to procure. By her side were several of the scaly inhabitants of the Dark Lake, still floundering with life, and turning up their glittering sides to the beams of a pine knot which hung suspended in the middle of the room. This maiden then was the spectre. I watched her beautiful form, and became certain that she had seen better days. Her dress was of the coarsest description, but white as the foam of the sea. I could not see her father's countenance; but I heard his groans as he attempted to raise himself on his pallet. I moved slightly. The maiden heard the noise that I made, and turned her face up toward me. I gave one loud shriek and the name of Emeline was echoed by the rocks of her wild solitude. The door opened, and Emeline's voice was heard timidly inquiring who was there. I at once entered. She knew me. She smiled mournfully, but with animation—‘Mr. L——!’ cried she.

‘No, Emeline—not Mr. L——!’ cried I—‘but your old playfellow Alfred—your friend—your companion—your *lover*!’ She cast her eyes around the little apartment, and blushed deeply, as she hastened to wake her father, and acquaint him with my arrival.

‘Don't disturb the good old man, dear Emeline,’ said I. ‘I have seen you this night on the Lake. I followed you hither. I have seen all. I am glad that I have found you thus, stripped of all the splendor of your better days. You are now known—your nature has been tried and proved. Inestimable jewel! I feel how unworthy I am to sit under the same roof with such a daughter.’ The suddenness of my appearance and my ardent expressions of admiration somewhat disconcerted the peerless Emeline; yet the tact and bearing which distinguished her better days prevented her from displaying any of that vulgar shyness which appertains to persons of mean birth. She had lived alone with her father ever since the death of her mother, and had supported him with her own hands. As a last resource, she had repaired to the lonely lake, at night, when she thought she could escape observation, and angled for hours through fair weather and foul. She little knew of the excitement which her appearance on the lake had

occasioned. Her father lived about two years after our marriage. Our eldest boy remembers him perfectly well, and frequently tells me some marvellous tales about him.

With regard to Emeline, although she has given me the most unequivocal proofs that she is neither sprite nor spectre, yet when I mark the devotedness of her affection, the beauty of her person, and her extreme gentleness, something like a return of my old superstition comes over me, and I am half persuaded, that, after all, she has about her a touch of the supernatural.

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## SONG OF THE INDIAN TRAIL.

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BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, SOUTHERN ARMY.

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WHILE closely pursuing the steps of the flying Seminole, it was not unusual for the Florida soldier to come suddenly to the remains of a comrade hideously mangled by the scalping knife of the savage destroyer.

COME, brothers, come !  
 Merry men are we,  
 Dashing through the forest shade,  
 Weary though we be.  
 Hark ! the bugle sounds ' advance,'  
 Deeply rolls the battle drum ;  
 Draw the sword and poise the lance,—  
 —Come, brothers, come.

Speed, brothers, speed !  
 Follow where he flies,  
 Wheresoe'er the trail may lead—  
 There the pathway lies.  
 Hark ! his shout is on the wind—  
 Dash the rowels in your steed,  
 Brake and briar leave behind,  
 Speed', brother, speed !

Slow, brothers, slow !  
 —What is it ye crave ?  
 —A comrade lies along the path,  
 A corse without a grave.  
 Halt ! the column, friends alight !  
 Dig his bed the turf below,  
 We will trace the trail to-night ;  
 Slow, brothers, slow !

On, brothers, on !  
 Draw the swords of men,  
 By his prey the wolf is known,  
 Track him to his den.

Follow bloom or follow blight,  
 Battle lost or battle won,  
*Darkly blood must flow to-night,*  
 On, brothers, on !

Strike, brothers, strike !  
 Raise the battle shout,  
 Tawny faces haunt the path,  
 Savage eyes gleam out.  
 On ! upon them for your lives,  
 Wrestle pike with pike ;  
 For your homes and for your wives,  
 —Strike, brothers, strike.

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### THE BLESSINGS OF WINTER.

ANOTHER year is departed and consigned to the tomb, and we again find ourselves in all the soberness and gloom of winter. Contrasted with the animating promises of spring, the brilliant scenes of Summer, with its beauties and its glories, and the riches of a smiling autumn, winter certainly approaches in frowns, and has a tendency to produce a degree of depression of the spirits and cast into the shade the joys and hopes that have been our cheerful companions on our journey through the mild and genial portions of the year. But this is a succession of seasons—these changes from sunshine to gloom—from smiles to solemnity—from the sports of fancy to the sereness of contemplation, are all designed by providence for the wisest purposes. Let us then endeavor to make a wise improvement of them, so that we may avail ourselves of all these advantages which they are adapted to afford.

In the first place, the winter is the *old age of the year*—the season when the passions are in a good measure calmed; when imagination has become less disposed to ramble amidst scenes of gaiety and promise; when the thoughts and affections have acquired a more domestic, tranquil and soothing character, and we are more inclined to indulge in useful meditations and mental employments. Let me then, while the wintry blasts are raging around our dwelling, exert ourselves to render *home* as delightful as possible, and the family circle the very personification of mutual kindness—tender sympathy and affection, and the peaceful residence of all the gentle virtues. The reign of winter naturally deprives us of many of the pleasures peculiar to the other seasons of the year: but at the same time, it increases the power and disposition to concentrate our attentions and desires, and to draw more closely the cords which unite families and friends. It is delightful always to brighten the chain of friendship; and winter is the happiest time for the purpose; when the thoughts and affections are less apt to run to waste, when the mind is less distracted, and the imagination less inclined to indulge in useless excursions.

Again, it is the appropriate season for *sober reflection*. We are now called to look back upon the year that has just left us forever; and this thought almost irresistibly teaches and reminds young as well as old, that *life has been shortened*—and that we are advanced another stage on life's journey.—To those who are in the *December* of their earthly term, this season for solemn reflection should not be misimproved. Now is the time for them to call home their wandering thoughts, and fix them steadily on life's closing hour, and the great duty of preparation for its dread solemnities. Whilst we are enjoying the comforts of the social circle, with warm hearts, in a warm home, we should be reminded of the importance of that industry, care, frugality and patience which will be required to render the domestic comforts of the *next* winter equal to those which we *now* enjoy. Again, *our own blessings* of this nature, while we are enjoying them, should awaken in our hearts a lively sensibility to the *wants* and *sufferings* of hundreds around us. Winter and its merciless blasts should be daily admonishing us of our Christian duties, and leading us to practise them more constantly—they should open our hearts and our hands to the relief of those who are in the midst of trials, without friends and without comforters. We are *all* bound to discharge the offices of humanity—to act like *good Samaritans*, when the afflictive occasion demands it, though our means may not be abundant. Let the howling winds and the bitter severities of winter operate as blessings upon *us*, by leading us promptly to administer consolation to the friendless and bestow blessings on *them*—what then must be the duty of the *rich*—of those who live in *affluence* and *ease*? How can they stand excused, even in their own judgment, if they disregard the injunctions of the Gospel—the claims and cries of the destitute, and forlorn; and the whistling winds of the tempest, that should awaken them to arise and visit with healing mercy their destitute fellow beings. The *wealthy* seem not to consider the weight of obligation that rests upon them; and the calls of duty to them to be merciful and humane. To you who are abounding in riches; and surrounded with nothing but smiles and sunshine, let me say, you are sinning against heaven and abusing that Goodness which has crowned you with distinctions, if you do not arise from your unfeeling indolence—leave your couches of softness—listen to the pelting storm—go to the house of poverty and desolation—see the father of a distressed family, on his bed of straw, with his weeping wife beside him; and around her helpless children crying for that bread which she has not to give them. See a poor widow in her lonely abode, ‘shivering over the last faggot, and watering the crust that is supporting nature, with tears which her miseries have shed upon it.’ Could your hearts endure all this? Yet you doubt not *theirs* can. Go, I say, to the house of want and mourning, and there learn to be humane and kind, and give something of your abounding wealth, to support aching heads, and give consolation to aching hearts. Heaven calls on you by irresistible arguments, to open your hearts and be merciful, and the *bitter frosts* and *howling winds* of winter repeat the call and the argument.

—‘Take physic, Pomp;  
Expose *thyself* to feel what *wretches* feel,  
Thus shalt thou shake the superflux to *them*,  
And show the Heavens more just.’

One of the peculiar blessings of winter is that while it condenses our own means of enjoyment, and brings our friends and our friendly feelings within a smaller circle, and hearts nearer together, it serves at the same time to call to our remembrance the *cause* of this change, and leads us to a humane consideration of the *manner* in which this *cause* is affecting thousands of our fellow beings who *have no friends* to surround them, or hearts that can render them any relief but *pity*. The present winter will afford ample room for all the exertions which benevolence can make in behalf of the houseless—the sick—the destitute—the discouraged, and the broken hearted. Let us then unite ‘to do good and communicate’—to raise up the bowed down—to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction and send portions to those for whom nothing is provided. We have recently assembled and given public thanks to the Father of Mercies and God of all goodness, in his temples, for the bounties and blessings of the year which we have enjoyed; let us now, in the midst of our winter, by our sympathies, attentions, benevolence and tender care, enable those who sit in the gloom of sickness, poverty and sorrow, with joyful hearts to join in praise and thanksgiving to **HIM** who delights in mercy, and in those who love to practise what they know to be their duty.

SENEX.

## E M M A .

BY J. N. M'JILTON.

EMMA thou art young—thy bright morning sun  
Is coming up in beauty, and the rays  
Are clustering around thee—how thy path  
Doth glitter in the gay and golden sheen?  
And how the glories of maturer life  
Seem to await thy coming? A coronal  
Of living excellence wreathed in the light  
Of mind's enduring heav'n, and bound with bands  
Of blooming Virtue—they have made for thee,  
And doubtless thou shalt wear it—all is fair,  
And bright and beautiful—go, dearest girl,  
Enjoy life's richest blessings to the full.

Emma, thou art lovely—the summer hues  
Are glowing in their lustre and their love  
On thy glad countenance, and thou dost seem  
As a fair flower that the healthful spring  
Had strengthened as it pass'd and robed in bloom.

Emma, thy summer sun must set—and thou  
Must journey through thy womanhood to age,  
And all thy glories that are now in view—  
That wait to crown thee in their glittering light  
Thou soon wilt leave behind thee, and wilt look  
Back, as though a vista, where stars are dim  
And flowers faded—stars that were thy hopes,  
And flowers that lent them beauty—all must fade  
And then be loved only for what they *were*.

Emma, thou must die—as the blossoms fall,  
That spring and summer warmed to life and love,  
So thou must fall, and mingle as do they  
With decomposing nature. O the grave!  
The grave, dear Emma—how it thrills one through  
To think of its deep slumber, and the dust  
To which our bodies crumble—all is dark  
Within its dreary bosom, yet we must  
All that is mortal of us, waste away  
Amid its gloom.

Emma, thou art immortal—not the grave  
Nor death, nor both, can rob thee of the germ  
Of everlasting life thy nature bears;  
And when thy cold humanity doth sleep  
Silent in its sepulchre, and the worm  
Is feasting and fat'ning on thy pale form,  
Thy spirit in its majesty shall soar—  
If purified by the redeeming Blood  
Of **HIM** who died a ransom for its sin—  
To worlds of endless beauty, where the sun  
Shall never set—nor spring, nor summer fade.

O Emma, Emma, fix thy trust in Heaven;  
Here let the winds and waves of life be rough  
Or smooth, thou hast an anchor firm and sure  
Fast by the throne of God and a bright hope  
That will to its fruition break and bloom.

*Baltimore, Md.*

## CORNET PAULUS PHILLIDOR.

BY WILL. WALTER.

AMONG the hangers-on about the estate, was one whom I well recollect as Cornet Paulus Phillidor, or as we were in the habit of terming him—Paul Cornet. His claim to the everlasting hospitalities which the place afforded, rested upon the third, fourth or fifth (I do not recollect precisely which) degree of consanguinity which he bore to the owner. He had been a cornet in the horse, and was as proud of his title as was ever field marshal of the service. Nor was he less fond of rehearsing the services he had done the state than old soldiers usually are. Many is the time I have listened to his tale of the wondrous adventures which beset him under the command of the daring captain Frederick Farnothing.

In person, the gallant cornet was small, even to an unsoldier-like appearance. His bullet-head was snugly ensconced between a pair of round shoulders, upon which, when tilted a trifle back, as the cornet often carried it when a little elated, it seemed to recline. His arms were somewhat beyond the proportional length, and his legs seemed so absolutely repulsive to each other, as to form a figure not unlike the two sides of a parenthesis. In short, he seemed every thing that unfitted him for a fashionable beau, saving his loquacity, and yet he was sadly inclined to be humorous amongst the ladies. Having something of the commodity, in common parlance denominated wit, but in reality more of broad humor, and being withal really or affectedly, somewhat eccentric, he managed to render himself not altogether disagreeable to the members of the family and occasional visitors.

At length, the stories of the worthy cornet, after many repetitions, or sundry new editions with copious additions and corrections by the author, were voted *nem. con.* to be dry, by those whose ears had so often been regaled by their relation. Deprived of willing listeners to his romantic tales his chief amusement soon became in playing the warlike game of chess.—He played it as became an old soldier, and the inanimate pieces no doubt occupied far more dignified quarters in the mind of the worthy horseman. All the interest and excitement of the actual battle-field were concentrated upon the tesselated board before him. Each knight was a squadron and each pawn was made to consist of a regiment of infantry. The slow inefficiency of the latter pieces perfectly accorded with the open contempt, with which the active horseman was accustomed to look upon the heavy movements of foot soldiers in the hour of battle; and when a knight should chance to bring the adversary into check, he never failed to expatiate at some length upon the value of cavalry in active service. The other pieces, which from the variety and celerity of their movements, constitute the fighting part of the chess-men, he readily proved to be mounted, from the

same qualities, for footmen could never move with such swiftness. But I will not attempt to follow the worthy horseman through all the sad ramifications which he transferred from the field and the camp to the chess-board.

Fondness for the game increased to a devotion approaching to monomania. His happiness seemed almost wholly to consist in its exercise, and in it every moment of his time was employed, so long as he could find any one about the estate to match him at his favorite game. Gradually from the chess-board being a representative of realities, the world grew in his mind to be but a chess-board. His battles in real life were forgotten for those on the mimic scale, and the doughty heroes of his ancient long-spun tales yielded place to the more airy 'dignitaries of the chess-board.' The great battle in which he lost his finger became as nothing compared to the victory which he had gained over the village lawyer in a sitting at chess; and his whilom captain, the daring Fearnnothing, was to him of infinitely less importance than the piece with which he checkmated his adversary at the last game. The titles and technicalities of the army were superseded by those of his favorite game, and he did not hesitate in the application as terms to the persons and things about him. The huge and antiquated family mansion received the not unseemly name of castle. His hospitable relations were saluted with the titles of royalty—king and queen, while he was fond of being addressed as the knight. The village parson, though I will vouch he never dreamed of such an advancement, and from his heart detested catholicism was dignified with the name of bishop. Neighboring people, whose rank, his aristocratic notions would not permit him to acknowledge, were shabb'd off as base country pawns; but one, I recollect, who had by some means acquired a sudden wealth, he declared had fairly reached his adversary's first row, and was entitled, as he expressed it, to swap himself off for any other piece he might choose. If the gallant cornet met any impediment in his moody rambles, 'check' rose involuntarily to his lips, and he would not unfrequently call for some piece to intervene or to take off that which held him in check. He mentioned once of a drunken countrymen, that he forgot the straight-forward path which every pawn ought to keep, and moved on both sides of the way, as much as if he were a king's bishop.

One day Cornet Phillidor came home from one of his rambles with both body and mind giving evidence of some perturbation. He seized the chess-board, and rather threw than placed the pieces upon their respective squares, while there was, as yet, no appearance of any antagonist. It was some time before he could be persuaded to relate the incidents which had thrown him into such an unusual agitation. He began by saying that he had seen a vile pawn retreating before an adversary's piece, which the vulgar would term a bull, and leaving a more valuable piece, the young bishop, exposed to the fury of the enraged brute.

'But why did not the man rescue the child?'

'Castle, eh?' returned the cornet, 'which he could not do, being that he was himself in check from the adversary, which would have been contrary to all the rules of the game as laid down by my illustrious namesake and kinsman, (I believe.) You see when the king or'—

‘Pshaw, Cornet, I don’t care about your confounded rules. Did the child escape? You say it was Mr. P——’s?’

‘Aye, the bishop’s, and he escaped. I saw the sad dilemma, and in good time interposed the king’s knight which was at hand bearing upon an intervening space.’

‘And so you saved the child yourself, Cornet; but certainly not without danger?’

‘Assuredly not,’ replied the cornet, ‘the child saved, the adversary turned his whole power upon me. I brought a short bit of wall to intervene, which compelled him to adopt a bishop’s move in order to bring himself to a bearing.’

‘And what then, Cornet?’

‘Why, before he had finished the necessary moves, I had time to start some new pieces; but being run to short corners, I took the quickest move to prevent a total check-mate. I could not castle, d’ye see, being that an intervening space was in check from the adversary. By a nice calculation, I found that three successive moves would place me in the centre of a tree which my antagonist could not reach, while four moves were absolutely necessary for him to bring about.’

‘And so you saved yourself by climbing into a tree handy by?’

‘Just so, by Hoyle! And there I beat the fellow all hollow! So capital, indeed!’ exclaimed the horseman, rubbing his hands in unaffected glee.

‘How so, Cornet?’

‘Why e’faith sir, I was absolutely stale mate, being that I could not move without bringing myself into check—which is a victory according as laid down by my great namesake and (I believe) kinsman.’

‘But your being stale mate did not relieve you from the tree?’

‘It should sir; but the villainous brute would not acknowledge the rule so far as to give me the first move in a new game.’

‘How then did he happen to leave you?’

‘Why, e’faith, only after much expostulation and some threatenings from the king’s bishop and a couple of pawns. So d’ye see, I got the move of him and castled directly.’

The cornet was in a very extacy—evidently far less rejoiced that he had saved a child, than delighted at the thought of outwitting a bull at a game of chess.

## THE VICTIM OF TORCH LIGHT.

## THE STRICKEN DEER.

THE arrow ! the arrow is fast in his side !  
 And still through the forest they follow  
 The poor stricken deer that has no where to hide ;  
 And dared not to pause where the cool waters glide,  
 When, leaping the brook, he would almost have died,  
 One draught from its ripple to swallow.

That deep-planted arrow ! Oh, how can he bear  
 The anguish of feeling it quiver,  
 When shook by the branches, the wave, or the air,  
 As forward he bounds, but without heeding where,  
 From thicket to crag, with the force of despair,  
 To plunge in the cold, sweeping river ?

They hunted him hard till the sun in the west  
 Had sunk, while their aim he evaded.  
 At evening he sought a calm refuge of rest,  
 And dropped from pursuit, by his torois oppressed,  
 Beneath the close branches in verdure full-dressed,  
 By night and the covert o'ershaded.

But ah, the poor deer ! they had doomed him to die !  
 For near the green turf where he laid him,  
 They lighted the torch ! and they brandished it high !  
 It glared through the boughs on his tender black eye,  
 That fatally shone for the death-shaft to fly !  
 His beauty, his beaming betrayed him !

He cannot by flying now loosen the dart,  
 The end of his tortures to quicken,  
 By letting the life in one blood gush depart.  
 He seeks a retreat, like the warm, wounded heart,  
 When lone, slow and silent, the victim of art,  
 It dies as a deer that is stricken.

H. F. GOULD.

Newburyport, Mass.

## S H E L L E Y ' S P O E T R Y .

THERE are few masters of the thrilling lyre, over whose histories we do not linger with melancholy interest. But the history of no one affects us like that of Shelley. With a mind more brilliantly endowed than any of his contemporaries in song, and with sentiments of purer and more enlarged benevolence ; he yet warred madly with his Creator, and trampled upon and spurned the holy institution of marriage. Taking up and contending for errors of such magnitude and vitality, it is not wonderful that a startled community should rise up indignantly, and frown upon the almost insane innovator ; nor is it wonderful that the divine melody of his numbers fell upon the public ear with a jar of discord, or were not suffered to mingle even with the more sensual and corrupt strains of a Byron. Now, however, the excitement of censure has subsided, and we can read Shelley with more pleasure, because with more charity. We find him, indeed, too much given to bold speculations, and daring, and, we might say, blasphemous skepticisms in his earlier productions (especially in 'Queen Mab', which poem, or, by all means, a greater portion of the notes attached to it, should be omitted in the editions of his works intended for general circulation. If this were done, Shelley would be found in many libraries where his works are not seen)--but distinguished for an extended and all-enbracing philanthropy.

Shelley looked upon the world, and saw it as it really existed in all its intricate relations ; and, uninfluenced by any selfish considerations of expediency or interest, condemned its corruptions and wrongs, and warred boldly with all its social and religious institutions. He desired to be a great reformer, and aimed at revolutionizing the world in all its individual relations--of renovating man morally and physically.

Some who, without examining into his real sentiments, have condemned him for his prominent and lamentable errors, may not be aware that he went so far in his theories for bettering mankind as to advance the proposition, that the fearful exhibitions of corrupt and revengeful passions in man arose from eating animal food. The use of such an aliment he strangely enough professed to believe was the real cause of man's fall from a happier and more perfect state. In it he considered to exist the seeds of premature decay, and in the refinements of cookery, and in the unnatural forms and restraints of society, the sole cause of all disease. Against these errors he directed his efforts, as well as against all established rules of social life, and religious principles and prejudices. It is no wonder, then, that he met with opposition, especially as he acted out with too much fearlessness his novel and startling doctrines.

Those who knew Shelley personally have always alluded to him in terms of great respect, and with sentiments of lively admiration and esteem. He is said to have been practically benevolent, and kind and gentle to all with whom he had intercourse. The great aim of his life seemed to be the formation of some scheme that would alleviate the misery that he saw in its

varied and heart-appalling forms all around ; but he too often pursued a mere phantom of the imagination, rather than the dictates of a sober judgment. Knowing this, we can but lament the errors that led him from those paths where alone can be found true happiness, while the kindness of christian benevolence causes us to pass them by in charity.

The poetry of Shelley is singularly attractive. An exquisite sense of the grand and beautiful in nature, pervades all he has written. The blue over-arching sky with its glittering mysteries—the boundless ocean that rolls its restless billows forever upward and onward—the rushing waterfall, and the beetling rocks that uphold the everlasting hills—the swift gliding river and the playful streamlet—the tall trees that lift their green branches to the caressing breeze, and the printed blossom bending beneath the weight of its own sweetness, had for him a familiar expression and he loved them as brethren.

In the poem of 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude,' from which we will make a few extracts at this time, there are many passages of exquisite melody, and thoughts pure and deep as caverned waters. This poem is somewhat allegorical, and is intended to show how utterly vain is the effort to live without human sympathy and affection. 'It represents,' to use the author's own eloquent language, 'a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an inflamed imagination and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sink profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, tranquil, and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself.' \* \* \* \* \* 'He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave.'

The poem opens with the following beautiful and impassioned address to nature, the closing lines of which embody an idea of passiveness and resignation to the power which he apostrophizes, the expression of which may truly be called inimitable.—

'Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !  
If our great Mother has imbued my soul  
With aught of natural piety to feel  
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine ;  
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,  
And sunset with its gorgeous ministers  
*And solemn midnight's tingling silentness ;*  
If autumn's hollow winds in the sere wood,  
And winter robing with pure snow and crowns  
Of starry ice the gray grass and bare boughs ;  
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes  
Her first sweet kisses have been dear to me ;  
If no bright bird, insect or gentle beast  
I consciously have injured, but still loved

And cherished these my kindred ;—then forgive  
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw  
No portion of your wonted favor now !

‘ Mother of this unfathomable world !  
Favor my solemn song ; for *I have loved*  
*Thee ever, and thee only ; I have watched*  
*Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,*  
*And my heart ever gazes on the depth*  
*Of thy deep mysteries.* I have made my bed  
In charnels and on coffins, where black death  
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,  
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings  
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,  
Thy messenger, to render up the tale  
Of what we are. *In lone and silent hours,*  
*When nig't makes a weird sound of its own stillness,*  
*Like an inspired and desperate alchymist,*  
*Staking his very life on some dark hope,*  
*Have I mix'd awful talk, and asking looks*  
*With my most innocent love, until strange tears,*  
Uniting with those breathless kisses, made  
Such magic as compels the charmed night  
To render up thy charge ; and, though ne'er yet  
Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,  
*Enough from incommunicable dream,*  
*And twilight phantasms, and deep noonday thought*  
*Has shone within me, that serenely now,*  
*And moreless as a long-forgotten lyre,*  
*Suspended in the solitary dome*  
*Of some mystericus and deserted fane,*  
*I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain*  
*May modulate with murmurs of the air,*  
*And motions of the forest and the sea,*  
*And voice of living beings, and woven hymns*  
*Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.’*

A youth is then introduced whose infancy has been nurtured by ‘solemn vision and bright midnight dream’ :—

‘ ————— Every sight  
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,  
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.  
The fountains of divine philosophy  
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,  
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past  
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt  
And knew.’

He leaves his ‘cold fireside and alienated home,’ as soon as earlier years have passed away, ‘to seek strange truths in undiscover’d lands.’ He finds a joy in his communion with nature which gathers calmly about his heart, as he drinks in of her all-absorbing inspirations. With him ‘high mountains

are a feeling.' The records of days long past he ponders with a deep enthusiasm, amid

— 'Athens and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste  
 Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers  
 Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,  
 Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange,  
 Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,  
 Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,  
 Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills  
 Conceals.'

Still he has no sympathies with his kind ; nor has even a bright creature of the imagination yet lured his thoughts from their high purpose ; although while sojourning in 'Araby the blest,'

— 'An Arab maiden brought his food,  
 Her daily portion from her father's tent,  
 And spread her matting for his couch, and stole  
 From duties and repose to tend his steps :—  
*Enamored, yet not daring for deep awe*  
*To speak her love :—and watched his nightly sleep,*  
*Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips*  
*Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath*  
*Of innocent dreams arose : then, when red morn*  
*Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home,*  
*Wildered, and wan, and panting, she returned.'*

But the yearnings of nature are at length felt, and he awakens from his trance never to rest again.

— 'A vision on his sleep  
 There came, a dream of hopes that never yet  
 Had flushed his cheek. *He dreamed a veiled maid*  
*Sate near him, talking in low silver tones.*  
*Her voice was like the voice of his own soul*  
*Heard in the calm of thought : its music long,*  
*Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held,*  
*His inmost sense suspended in its web*  
*Of many-color'd woof and shifting hues.'*

— 'Her fair hands

Were bare alone, *sweeping from some strange harp*  
*Strange symphony, and in their branching veins*  
*The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.*  
*The beating of her heart was heard to fill*  
*The pauses of her music, and her breath*  
*Tumultuously accorded with those fits*  
*Of intermitted song. Sudden she rose,*  
*As if her heart impatiently endured*  
*Its bursting burthen : at the sound she turned,*  
*And saw by the warm light of their own life*  
*Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil*

Of woven winds ; her outspread arms now bare,  
 Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,  
 Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips  
 Outstretched, and pale, and quivering eagerly.  
 His strong heart sunk and sickened with excess  
 Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs, and quelled  
 His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet  
 Her panting bosom :—she drew back awhile,  
*Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,*  
*With frantic gesture and short breathless cry*  
*Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.*

He is now a changed being. The bright hues of heaven that ‘canopied his bower’ are fled forever. He no longer hears familiar voices in the running stream, nor spirit whispering in the gentle breeze. He pines for the reality of his glorious vision, and wanders about restless, and sad, and weary at heart in search of the living image.

‘——He eagerly pursues  
 Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting shade :  
 He overleaps the bound. Alas ! alas !  
 Were limbs, and breath, and being intertwined  
 Thus treacherously ! Lost, lost, forever lost,  
*In the wide pathless deserts of dim sleep,*  
 That beautiful shape !’

The change that has passed over the enthusiast, as related in the following, is told with a melancholy energy that can but move the heart of every reader capable of feeling.

‘——Wildly he wandered on,  
 Day after day, a weary waste of hours,  
 Bearing within his life the brooding care  
 That ever fed on its decaying flame.  
 And now his limbs were lean ; *his scattered hair,*  
*Seared by the autumn of strange suffering,*  
*Sung dirges in the wind* ; his listless hand  
 Hung like dead bone within its withered skin ;  
*Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone*  
*As in a furnace burning secretly*  
*From his dark eyes alone.* The cottagers,  
 Who moistened with human charity  
 His human wants, beheld with wondering awe  
 Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer,  
 Encountering on some dizzy precipice  
 That spectral form, deem'd that the spirit of the wind,  
 With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet  
 Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused  
 In his career. *The infant would conceal*  
*His troubled visage in his mother's robe,*  
*In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,*  
*To remember their strange light in many a dream*

*Of after times* : but youthful maidens taught  
 By nature, would interpret half the woe  
 That wasted him, would call him with false names  
 Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand  
 At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path  
 Of his departure from their father's door.'

In the following there is something so mournful, and so fully imbued with the spirit of utter loneliness and desolation of heart, that we can scarce peruse it with our eyes undimmed. A swan rises gracefully and soars away over the blue waters, and as his eye pursues its flight he says :—

' —Thou hast a home,  
 Beautiful bird : thou voyagest to thy home,  
*Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck*  
*With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes*  
*Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.*  
 And what am I, that I should linger here,  
 With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,  
 Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned  
 To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers  
 In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven,  
 That echoes not my thoughts?'—

The poem now progresses by the aid of invisible agencies, ingeniously introduced, and is attractive for the splendor and richness of its description of nature. The hero is led on impulsively until, in a silent nook, amid all that is grand and beautiful, he lays himself down to rest in the slumber that has no waking. His

' —Untimely tomb  
 No human hands with pious reverence rear'd,  
 But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds  
 Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid  
 Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness.'

In the poem of 'Alastor' there are many exquisite passages, and some beautifully descriptive of nature. In reading the following extract, the admirer of fine poetry, as well as the lover of nature will receive a pure gratification. It is rather long, but none, after reading it, will wish it had been omitted.

' —The noonday sun  
 Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass  
 Of mingled shade, whose brown magnificence  
 A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,  
 Scooped in the dark base of those aery rocks,  
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar forever.  
 The meeting boughs and implicated leaves  
 Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led  
 By love, or dream, or God, or mightier death,  
 He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some bank,  
 Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark

And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,  
 Expanding its immeasurable arms,  
 Embraces the light beach. *The pyramids*  
*Of the tall cedar overarching, frame*  
*Most solemn domes within, and far below,*  
*Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,*  
*The ash and the acacia floating hang*  
*Tremulous and pale.* Like restless serpents, clothed  
 In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
 Starr'd with ten thousand blossoms, flow around  
 The gray trunks, and as gamesome infants' eyes  
 With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,  
 Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,  
 These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,  
 Uniting their close union ; the woven leaves  
 Make net-work of the dark blue light of day  
 And the night's noon tide clearness, mutable  
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns  
 Beneath these canopies extend their swells,  
 Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms  
 Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen  
 Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,  
 A soul-dissolving odor, to invite  
 To some more lovely mystery. Though the dell,  
 Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep  
 Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades  
 Like vaporous shapes half seen ; beyond, a well,  
 Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,  
 Images all the woven boughs above,  
 And each depending leaf, and every speck  
 Of azure sky, darting between their chasms :  
 Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves  
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star  
 Between the foliaged lattice twinkling fair,  
 Or, painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,  
 Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,  
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings  
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

' Hither the Poet came. *His eyes beheld*  
*Their own wan light through the reflected lines*  
*Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth*  
*Of that still fountain ; as the human heart,*  
*Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,*  
*Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard*  
*The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung*  
*Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel*  
*An unaccustomed presence, and the sound*  
*Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs*  
*Of that dark fountain rose. A spirit seem'd*

To stand beside him—clothed in no bright robes  
 Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,  
 Borrowed from aught the visible world affords  
 Of grace, or majesty, or mystery ;  
 But undulating woods, and silent well,  
 And leaping rivulet, and evening gloom  
 Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming  
 Held commune with him, as if he and it  
 Were all that was,—only—when his regard  
 Was raised by intense pensiveness—two eyes,  
 Two starry eyes, *hung in the gloom of thought*,  
 And seem'd with their serene and azure smiles  
 To beckon him.

‘ Obedient to the light  
 That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing  
 The windings of the dell.—The rivulet  
 Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine  
 Beneath the forest flow'd. Sometimes it fell  
 Among the moss with hollow harmony  
 Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones  
*It danced, like childhood laughing as it went :*  
 Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,  
 Reflecting every herb and drooping bud  
 That overhung its quietness.’

This paper has been extended far beyond the limits contemplated on its commencement, and we are compelled, reluctantly, to close the volume at our side, over which we have pored until thought and feeling arose far away from the cold world and its lying vanities, and the spirit's harp-strings thrilling with strange music, now low and sweet, and wild as cadences of breeze and leaping rivulet, and now deep and solemn as the organ tones of the tempest.

In Shelley there is more of intellect and less of passion than in Byron, and as a poet, of the two he is superior. Byron found poetic thought in circumstances and situations affecting his selfishness of feeling ; Shelley, in his delicate perception of the sublime and beautiful in nature, and of all that was refined, and elevating, and far-seeing in the intellect. Byron has been and will continue the public favorite, because in glowing language and impassioned thought he appeals at once to the heart. Shelley will be the bosom companion of those who delight to soar away from all the impulses of passion, and lose themselves amid the glorious thoughts and divine impressions which only a favored few can realize.

T. S. A.

Baltimore, Md.

## CLEANTHE'S HYMN TO JUPITER.

CLEANTHE'S Hymn to Jupiter is one of the choicest gems and purest specimens of the religious and philosophic spirit which sometimes appears in the writings of the Stoics. It contains the most interesting views of the Deity which the whole circle of Grecian Literature has handed down to us. Its author, though condemned by poverty to the severest hardships, and torely upon his own arm for support while for nineteen years a student in the school of the Stoics, yet looked with a cheerful unshaken faith upon the proofs of Divine benevolence which the material universe displays. He seems to have drawn, however, his clearest views of the existence, character and government of God from his own moral consciousness. Like Socrates he followed this as his demon, or guardian spirit, and it led him to acknowledge the disorder of human nature, and the necessity of illumination from the Divine Spirit. In this hymn—the only remnant of his writings—he briefly speaks of the reasonableness and high rewards of religious adoration, of that perfect law by which God governs the material and moral universe, and of the depravation of man, with a truth and force almost approaching to inspiration.

The following is a feeble translation of the original but the noble sentiments, coming as they do from a heathen philosopher, may repay the trouble of perusal, as they have that of translation.

The original may be found in the Graeca Majora, and in Cudworth's Intellectual System II. 354. together with an elegant Latin version. C—.

Eternal and Supreme Divinity,  
Ruler Omnipotent in heaven and earth,  
Thee I address. For meet it is that man,  
Whom thou hast formed, and given to him alone,  
Of earthly mould, the godlike faculties  
Of speech and reason; meet it is that he,  
Thy praise and power should ever celebrate.  
Then unto thee I'll dedicate my hymn,  
And sing thy power; mingling my humble strains  
With the sweet music of the spheres,  
Which circle round this earth, to thy command  
Obedient. Thou in thy works art glorious.  
—Not glorious alone—Thou too in them  
Art terrible.

O what a minister of vengeance is  
The forked, red, vindictive thunderbolt,  
When from the grasp of thine almighty arm,  
Thou hurlest it to earth. For at the shock,  
All nature, trembling, stands aghast. But thou  
Above commotion, undisturbed, serene,  
On thine eternal throne sittest supreme,  
Extending reason's harmonizing law  
Over the universe, remote and near,  
From the glimmering star to the broad sun,  
That fills these heavens wide with glory.

In thee all things exist. Without thine aid,  
Nothing is done in heaven, or earth, or sea,  
Except when wicked men their deeds perform;  
On them thy darkling frown is ever bent.  
What seems to us inextricable confusion,  
Mutual enmity to nature's laws,  
In thine omniscient view is one harmonious  
System. Evil with good so nicely hast

Thou joined, that one eternal principle  
 Of reason reigns through all. This principle  
 Of reason, this eternal law of truth,  
 The wicked would avoid. Insensate man !  
 Pursuing happiness while heaven's laws  
 Rejecting.  
 Conflicting passions agitate their breasts.  
 Some pant to have their brows adorned with fame's  
 Proud wreath, by the resistless promptings  
 Of ambition urged. Others their plans pursue,  
 By base intrigue, and others, still more lost,  
 Seek earthly bliss in pleasures soft embrace—  
 They seek and find—the bitterness of gall.

But thou, dispenser of all good, high thrown  
 On heaven's dark clouds, whose thunders are  
 Thy ministering servants, O wilt thou restrain  
 Thine erring children from their follies.  
 The darkness from their minds dispel. Give them  
 That spiritual dominion, that supremacy  
 Of reason's, voice which forms the basis  
 Of thy throne. Then being by thee thus blessed, to thee  
 Our vows we'll pay, and evermore will hymn  
 The glories of thy works. Thus to employ  
 The melody of song, and thus to praise  
 Thy laws shall be man's highest honor  
 Heaven's superior bliss.

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## W A R .

OH WAR thou hast thy first delight,  
 Thy gleams of joy intensely bright !  
 Such gleams as from thy polished shield,  
 Thy dazzling o'er the battle field !  
 Such transports wake severe and high,  
 Amid the pealing conquest cry.

*Lord of the Isles.*

The chief is arming in his hall,  
 The peasant by his hearth ;  
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,  
 And rises from the earth,  
 The mother on her first born son  
 Looks with a boding eye,  
 They come not back though all be won,  
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

*Hemans.*

BELLA matronis detestata.

*Hor.*

The law of Violence is the law of murder to others, of suicide to ourselves.

*Grimke.*

Upon the character and influence of WAR as upon almost every other subject, there exists in the present age a great diversity of opinion. Some regard it with an eye of indifference—some extol its prosecution as a virtue—others denounce it as a sin—some welcome it as a blessing, others dread it as a curse—and it may prove an instructor's task to compare the views entertained of it by the *indifferent*, the *interested* and the *benevolent*.

He who beholds the contest from a distance, an unconcerned spectator, careless to whom shall be awarded the crown or conquest, may yet find pleasure in his contemplation, and observe with interest the progress of the strife. He looks upon it as a trial of skill, and regards it, as he might a game of chess. He anticipates the move of the combatants, watches the fluctuations of fortune, regards with equal indifference the slaughter of an army, and the capture of a piece. It is with him an amusement to calculate chances,—to speculate upon consequences. He inquires not into the justness of the cause—cares not for the motives which actuate the parties—thinks not of the misery their quarrel is occasioning. He but in thought accompanies their marches—engages in their battles, and admires the wisdom of their strategems and the bravery of their generals.

Many probably watched with these feelings the career of NAPOLEON. Dazzled by the brilliancy of his martial achievements, have they followed him step by step, through his adventurous and bloody course, till they beheld the subaltern of Corsica, wielding the destinies of Europe. Lost in admiration at his decision of character—the progress of his mind, and the strength of his arm, they forgot to analize the principles of his heart—and when he fell from the pinnacle of his power, they regarded him as

—‘More sinned against than sinning,’

and mourned the exile of St. Helena, as the martyr to a righteous cause.

Numerous and various as are the classes of persons *interested* in War, their opinion of it, is generally the same. First comes the soldier who has made it his profession. What charms does it present to his eye and ear with all its imposing embellishiments,—the trampling steed—the glittering steel—the nodding plume—the trumpet’s note—the beating drum, and all ‘the pomp and circumstance of war.’ What incitements does it offer to the daring, in the picture it affords of the spirit-stirring scenes of battle—the sudden onset—the shock of contending armies—the desperate struggle and the hard earned victory! and then what hopes does it hold out to the lawless and avaricious of wide-spread plunder, and the unrestrained indulgence of their licentious appetites with none to stay them! Who will wonder that the *soldier* questions not the lawfulness of War?

Then come the many, who profit by it, each in his peculiar way—the commissary—the purveyor—the agent, and all whose pecuniary interests are forwarded by its prosecution. Next the statesman by whose contrivance perhaps it was begun; who to further some scheme of petty policy or party intrigue, has involved his country in all the horrors of carnage and bloodshed. *These* actuated by private motives, will be firm supporters of the morality of war.

Let us turn to observe the opinion of the benevolent man, who free from the apathy of the indifferent, and unbiassed by the prejudices of the interested, has viewed the subject in its extended light, examined it in all its bearings and who while he has felt deeply, has reasoned calmly, looking first for the causes of wars—he finds that they have arisen, principally from national instability, the ambition of designing men, the pomp with which they are attended, and idea of glory which antiquity has attached to them. Looking next at their consequences, he finds them to be momentous in the extreme.

He beholds an armed host, the flower of their country, arrayed in splendor, with hearts beating high in hope, preparing to take the field, in support of the national glory. Their liberties are safe, their persons and homes are unendangered, their rights suffer not from aggressors, but an affront, perhaps, has been offered to their honor, a slur cast upon their courage, and to wipe this blot from their escutcheon, the blood of thousands must be spilt. Undazzled by the imposing splendor, undeceived by the specious plausibility—he looks beyond the present moment to the hour when that proud army shall be levelled with the dust. The soldier of high and lofty daring, whom he now beholds exulting with all the ardor of youth and expectation, he follows to the battle field, and sees him fall the victim of his intrepidity, and, stretched upon the bloody plain, in all the agonies of death. No mother, wife or sister is by his side to pillow his dying head, and receive his parting breath. No comrade perhaps is near, to soothe his sufferings or carry his last message of tenderness to his distant home. The philanthropist turns sick with the contemplation of the picture to take one look at the bereaved family. *He* who was their hope and stay, obedient to the mandates of his country, had gone forth in her defence, and had left a widowed wife and fatherless children to struggle with penury and want. Fears for his safety, have added mental anguish to their bodily afflictions, and *now*,—when the last hope is severed, the last link broken, the cup of their misery is full. What alleviation to them that victory has crowned their country's arms, or that a halo of new glory is reflected from their sovereign's crown? It dries not the tear in a single eye, nor pours balm upon the sorrows of a single heart, and the benevolent observer feels that the national advantages of war can never equal its domestic calamities.

NEMO.

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### L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MRS. P. D\*\*\*\*, AGED 19.

A single line? and is this all  
 The record of a cherish'd one?  
 The coffin closed—spread o'er the pall,  
 The name writ on a stone,  
 And she with whom earth and all this earth's deep love is done.

She *died*—what changes have been rung  
 Upon that melancholy word!  
 And still it falters on the tongue,  
 And still with awe 't is heard,  
 For thinking of her death, thoughts of our own are stirr'd.

Ay, deeply ponder it—she died!  
 How early drooped the bridal rose.  
 And she has gone her youth to hide  
 Where never he returns who goes.  
 Well—Blessed are the dead who in the Lord repose.

E. L. A. C.

## ODDS AND ENDS,

FROM THE PORT FOLIO OF AN EX-EDITOR.

NUMBER TWO.

STREET CONVERSATION BETWEEN A SENSIBLE GIRL  
AND A SILLY ONE.

\* \* \* 'But, my dear Mary, you are aware that your Pa. would seriously object to this connexion.'

'Why, Julia, why so, Frank, *you know*, has many, very many excellent traits in his character—he is one of the most moral, intelligent and industrious young men we have in the village.'

'But there,' replied the pert Julia, 'his family connexions do not mingle in the higher circles with *us*, although he oftentimes pushes himself in—To be sure he is a worthy young man, but—'

'Well, do as you will, but as for myself, I would never marry a man who did not come from noble blood—Do you think I'd unite myself to a *Mechanic* like Frank Simpson—one who is poor and who depends you may say, upon the town for support?'

'Julia Sullivan, I did not think this of you,' observed the amiable Mary, 'you will at some future period seriously repent ever making such unjust insinuations. As to *poor* Frank as you call him, I *shall* marry him, if the connexion does create a little displeasure amongst my friends. Do you think Julia, when you speak of a poor mechanic, that if active and intelligent, he has not the means to secure a living? Surely not. The amount of an industrious mechanic's earnings must be no inconsiderable sum. Where the hammer is continually in exercise, where the rap is almost ceaseless, then the golden pile insensibly increases, insensibly as the perpetual droppings of water wear away a stone. If riches then create respect, our mechanics have a fair chance of a high standing in society. But then this class of people in our republic is not respected for their wealth merely; do we not find them intelligent, and capable of mental as well as corporeal exertion. It is a custom, Julia, among *our* mechanics to read and to think—to acquaint themselves with history, biography and geography, so useful to all the civilized community. Once it was thought that none save a Lawyer, Clergyman or a Pedagogue could draw a deed, or put in writing a common agreement between two neighbors, people supposing that there must be a long list of technicalities to make the instrument legal. Now things have materially altered, and plain men not altogether clad in superfine, are found to be nigh as well qualified as those of the profession.'

Look, Julia, into our halls of legislation; does the lawyer and the literary gentleman stand alone as speakers? Are none else active and on the lead in the public and important business there? This people was so once, but now, a new era appears, *mechanics* and *farmers*, it is found, have capable

minds, and knowledge and mental capacity lie not altogether concealed in riches; nor is that head always the most talented that is enclosed in a professional wig.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years after the above chit-chat, Mary Watson was the wife of the Hon. Franklin Simpson—once a poor mechanic, and Julia Sullivan, the rich heiress, was an indigent widow with one child, who received a hospitable home in the mansion of her friend, Mary; who having married a gentleman dandy without trade or profession, became a miserable fellow and died in one of his fits of intoxication.

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### SONNET.

Oh! that I had the pinions of a dove!  
 Then, to some far-off island of the blest,  
 Would my worn spirit fly, and be at rest,  
 Where shadows came not o'er the sky of love,  
 Where serpents lurk not, in affection's bowers—  
 There might the heart be free, and bright—winged hours  
 Go dancing by in sunshine—and the birds  
 Singing all day, upon perennial boughs,  
 Would fashion their sweet songs to human words,  
 Pouring upon the air, melodious vows.  
 There Youth, and Love and Innocence might come  
 From the corrupting feculence of earth,  
 And, in the long-lost region of their birth,  
 Find them a sanctuary and a home.

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**CHURCH MUSIC.** As a source of rational amusement, pleasing the fancy and delighting the heart; as a means of devotion, purifying our minds, and cherishing our piety, what shall we find more worthy of attention than Sacred Music? In this, Religion divested of the sable garb in which bigots would clothe her, appears amiable and lovely. Reason is purified and indulged, and imagination and feeling coincide in offering to us the sweetest enjoyment. Nature has been somewhat partial in bestowing on her children the power of giving and receiving this enjoyment; yet, in a great number of her favorites does she meet with ungenerous return; and the talent that was given to embellish and to dignify, is left to moulder and become useless. But it is not for our own gratification that some of us are thus endowed. With this is enjoined a duty, sacred as it is pleasing—the offering up of our devotions to the Author of Nature, rendered more interesting by the manner of performance. Why, then, is it that the manners of society lead so many from a performance so interesting and so sacred?

We were led to reflections of this nature by the present state of singing in some of our churches. It is a most exalted duty to sing praises to the **Most HIGH and HOLY ONE**, and it ought to be recollected that in time of **Public Worship**, psalm-singing is not a performance for the amusement of the

singer or the hearer, but a most solemn act of devotion. But the vain attempt to please an audience with fanciful and giddy displays of melody, as we often find it nowa-days, is highly improper and sinful, and ought to be discountenanced. All frivolous and flighty airs are totally unfit and unworthy the solemnities of sacred worship. There seems to be an inclination amongst many of our singers, to introduce the airs of secular songs into our singing books. The popularity of *Auld Lang Syne*—*Bonny Doon*—*Home, Sweet Home*—*The Maltese Boatman's Song*, &c. is not a sufficient cause for adopting them as psalm-tunes, yet, so it is; but if *Jim Crow* or *Nancy Dawson* were adopted for sacred music, it would be termed downright blasphemy. Then what is the difference as respects any other pieces of secular music? *Lang Syne*, &c. are very beautiful airs, to be sure, and as such they ought to be used. The *Handel* and *Haydn* and *Bridgewater* collections of music are the best singing books we have. The music is generally judiciously selected, and the harmony natural and easy, without that affectation of learning at the expense of good taste which is discovered in some other works we could mention, yet we must acknowledge that they are not altogether free from this error of introducing secular airs. They contain several profane songs turned into psalm-tunes.

Many of our singers do not consider the importance of attending to the pronunciation of the words of a hymn. They pay no regard to the sense, if it only sounds well, it is sufficient, and one might as well entertain a congregation in Greek stanzas as the fashion of some is. The poetry ought to be well conned over before it is attempted to be sung, but singers seem to think that if there is only noise enough, it matters but little about the words. According to modern fashion one word will answer, and all a person, is obliged to do, is to keep drawling until he has finisched the line. We are apt to believe that in many instances the tune is made choice of before the hymn is given out, and then, if the metre should happen to suit, why so much the better, but at any rate, it is often taken without the least regard to the importance of suiting sound to sense; and the singers, too, seem to think that they are to please *men* rather than their *MAKER*, and, in the attempt to do this, each exercises his own taste and judgment.

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#### TO MY COUSIN KATE.

Sweet Kate, thou hast a sparkling eye,  
A blushing cheek of richest blue—  
Rich as the glow of autumn's sky,  
Fresh as the morning's crystal dew.

Thou hast a form, as light and fair  
As those of any fairy land—  
Nature has lavished beauties there  
With most profuse, unsparing hand.

Thou hast a voice, whose tuneful notes  
As sweet as Philomel e'er sung;  
But yet, dear Kate! all this, what boots?  
Thou hast, alas! thou hast a tongue.

**A COQUETTE.** Reader, has it ever in your lone days been your misfortune to meet with a conceited *Coquette*—a girl who puts her own sex out of countenance, and like the fly annoys the *other* without power to wound them. She laughs without pleasure, weeps without pain; does every thing by design, yet declares she is the most thoughtless creature in the world; swoons at the sight of a spider on her clothes, yet is astonished how any one can be affected; lays every snare to attract attention, makes herself ridiculous to secure admiration, then wonders how the impudent fellows should dare make love to her! though she would have weeped her eyes out with vexation if they had not.

The above lines were suggested by reading the following *Epitaph on a Coquette*, pencilled out on the wall of an academy.

Here, sunk in earth, O, justly sunk in dirt!  
Lies an unstable, fickle, cold, unfeeling *Flirt*!  
Each youth admir'd her, but admir'd in vain;  
Her sole delight—to aggrandize her train;  
She smil'd on all, to all denied her charms,  
'Till death indignant, dragg'd her to his arms.

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**SPEAKING OF EPITAPHS**, reminds us of the following, which we copied from a gravestone, in Sterling Mass. on a woman who died suddenly of a fit. It is so queer and original that we cannot refrain from extracting it for the benefit of the reader.

Her mourning friends stand weeping 'round her,  
As she on the bed of sickness lay;  
No medicine could they get down her,  
She not a word to them would say.

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#### E M B L E M S.

The light of yon brilliant star,  
The bubble that bursts on the stream,  
The cloud o'er the hill-top afar,  
The speed of the meteor's gleam;

The foam on the Ocean's dark bed,  
The blossoms that put forth and bloom,—  
Are emblems of joys that are fled—  
Of Hopes that are shut in the tomb.

PROTEUS.

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## RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

‘T is now become a hist’ry little known,  
That once we called the past’ral house our own.’

Cowper.

A CHANGE is o’er my childhood’s home,  
And as I muse what visions come,  
Of the long past, its happy hours,  
And the gay things amid its bowers :  
Of mirthful voices silent now,  
And peopled halls where strangers bow ;  
And gathering forms around the hearth,  
With many an ancient tale of mirth,  
Now severed wide in varied hall,  
By mount, and stream, and forest tall,  
And differing each in hope and fear,  
Each holding different pleasures dear,  
Far other tales and other lays,  
Than those that in their childhood’s days,  
Thrilled thro’ the heart, and moyed the soul,  
Give interest now and hold control ;  
And chastened and constrained the smile,  
That plays around their lips the while ;  
Heartless, and cold, and stern the joy,  
And mingled with the world’s alloy :  
Long passed the freedom of the child,  
The spirit hackneyed and beguiled.

Still whistles in the marsh the thrush,—  
And e’en yet in the lilach bush,  
Fast by the oft frequented door,  
When winter’s dreary reign is o’er,  
Builds the old robin, year by year,  
And broods her young without a fear ;  
And the gay glittering humming bird,  
With fluttering wing like music heard,  
Steals oft amid the silent bowers,  
And sips from aromatic flowers,  
Her morning meal ; nor passes by,  
The guelder rose and damask high,  
Each by a hand transplanted there,  
And nurtured with the tenderest care,  
Now laid upon the silent breast,  
And to the earth consigned to rest.

And the lean beggar day by day,  
As on his unexpectant way,

Which he has travelled o'er and o'er,  
 From thirty years to full three score,  
 And scarce a pillow for his head,  
 Or scanty meal of mouldy bread,  
 Could e'er obtain, with tear or sigh,  
 So much misfortune told the lie ;  
 There pauses charity to win,  
 As when the master bade him in,  
 With generous heart and open hand,  
 And tear, he well could understand ;  
 And gave him cheer, and hearth, and fire,  
 And comfort ere he should retire,  
 To walk his wearied round again,  
 An alien mid his fellow men :  
 As privileged, he takes his seat,  
 But not the master's smile to meet,  
 For none list now *his* cheerful tread—  
 That master worships with the dead !

Yet there his bible closed and laid,  
 Careful, on shelf expressly made  
 To place the sacred volume, lest  
 It join with books less sacred—blest—  
 And marked, e'en now, the promise brief  
 By note, or pin, or folded leaf,  
 That cheered him on his pilgrim way,  
 And taught him erst to watch and pray ;  
 Which well he heeded—faithful warred—  
 And now he reaps the sure reward,  
 And there is still the ancient chair,  
 By which he knelt in holy prayer,  
 Each happy morn and silent even,  
 Strengthening his hopes in God and Heaven ;  
 Committing thus his children all,  
 To him who notes the sparrow's fall,  
 And ever lends a listening ear,  
 Each meek and humble cry to hear ;  
 Yet none bend o'er it—all are past—  
 Save one—more cherished—she the last.—

And she in dotage sitteth there,  
 With shrivelled form in elbow chair ;  
 Fixed on the wall her filmy eye,  
 As dreams of youth were passing by,  
 Or listless sporting with the toys,  
 That made up childhood's tiny joys.  
 But she tho' widowed is not lone,  
 For scarce she knoweth he is gone  
 Who was the solace of her youth,  
 And shielded her thro' wrong and ruth,  
 Her children, from the world's wild strife,  
 And the unceasing toils of life,  
 Oft turn and pause beside her knee ;  
 Yet she dreams not their infancy

She nursed, and the soft pillow spread,  
 Frequent beneath their feverish head ;  
 Or rocked and dandled noteless hours,  
 Their restless forms, strengthening their powers ;  
 Or many a time in after years,  
 Their absence wept with bitter tears ;  
 And wonders why such stranger men,  
 Aught relative to her should ken !  
 She recollects no mother,—child—  
 Cousin or aught by usage styled  
 Relation ; e'en her own sad lot,  
 A mystery, comprehended not !

Ah, wretched fall from Eden's bowers,  
 Degrading thus man's holy powers,  
 And joyful prospect the cold grave,  
 Given us to renovate and save ;  
 Dispel the mist, freely unbind,  
 Earth's shackles from the human mind.

Thus when I meditate the change,  
 And feel my home, my kindred strange,  
 And e'en myself not what I was,  
 But one among Earth's mysteries ;  
 I look above, and in the view,  
 Believe the poet's language true,—  
 —' It were a privilege to die'—  
 And check within the rising sigh.

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## OLD ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS.

### NUMBER THREE.

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BY WALTER W. WOLCOTT.

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'I yield, I yield. The matter of your praise  
 Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise  
 A bank against it ; nothing but the round  
 Large clasp of nature such a wit can bound ;  
 Monarch of letters !'

So sang Ben Jonson the praise of Master JOHN SELDEN. How comprehensive the eulogium of this poet, and not less so that of the immortal Milton, who styles him the 'chief of learned men reputed in this land.' The learned Grotius called him 'the glory of the English Nation'; and the title of the 'great Dictator of learning of the English Nation' was accorded to him by those abroad. At the age of seventeen, after having spent three years in the study of logic and philosophy, we are told 'he was transplanted to the Inner Temple, to make proficiency in the municipal laws of the nation.' Pursuing this branch of learning here with great assiduity, he went through the whole

body of the law,' and became conversant with most parts of learning. So great was his progress that at the age of twenty two, he brought out his celebrated 'Dissertation on the Civil government of Britain before the Norman conquest'—celebrated on account of its being produced at so remarkably early an age. By maintaining this rigid system of mental discipline, he put forth within a very short space, several works of an elaborate order, which intense application caused a long and tedious illness. But we do not propose to follow him through the different stages of his brilliant career. The high praise elicited from the illustrious of his day, already quoted, and the remark that he was 'regarded somewhat in the light of a valuable piece of national property, like a museum, a *great public library*, resorted to, as a matter of course and a matter of right,' shews that he must have been the wonder of the age.

Some biographer of high repute has observed that the most correct knowledge of a man's character is to be obtained in his domestic retirement. To be admitted to the private society of a man of distinguished talents and acquirements, where his sentiments flow freely and all restraint is laid aside, is a privilege seldom afforded to the biographer. Some friend who has had the pleasure of this luxury, occasionally records for the benefit of after ages, the excellencies of their conversation, bringing the reader, as it were, into the intellectual presence of the departed. We are thus permitted to enjoy the 'feast of reason' in perusing the clear conceptions and the choice sentiments contained in the celebrated 'Table Talk' of John Selden. The genuineness of many of these has been doubted, but whatever of error may exist in the fragments handed down to us, we cannot but conclude that they are, judging from his general character, mainly correct. It has been remarked 'that the familiar, and sometimes coarse manner in which many of the subjects discussed are illustrated, is not such as might have been expected from a profound scholar; but Selden, with all his learning, was a man of the world, familiar with the ordinary scenes of common life, and know how to bring abstruse subjects home to the business and bosoms of men of ordinary capacity, in a manner at once perspicuous and agreeable.'

We proceed to give a few specimens from the 'Table Talk. Speaking of books, he says:—

'In quoting of books, quote such authors as are usually read; others you may read for your own satisfaction, but not name them.'

Quoting of authors is most for matter of fact; and then I write them as I would produce a witness; sometimes for a free expression, and then I give the author his due, and gain myself credit by reading him.'

To quote a modern Dutchman, where I may use a classic author, is as if I were to justify my reputation, and I neglect all persons of note and quality that know me, and bring the testimonial of the scullion in the kitchen.'

Of 'Economy' he quaintly remarks, that it 'keeps up all things; 't is like a penny-glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.'

'EPITAPH. An epitaph must be made fit for the person for whom it is made: for a man to say all the excellent things that can be said upon one, and call that his epitaph, is as if a painter should make the handsomest piece

he can possibly make, and say it was my picture. It holds in a funeral sermon.'

'**FRIENDS.** Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.' This remark ought to be kept in sacred remembrance.

'**JUDGMENTS.** We cannot tell what is a judgment of God; it is presumption to take upon us to know. In time of plague we know we want health, and therefore we pray to God to give us health; in time of war we know we want peace, and therefore we pray to God to give us peace. Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. An example we have in king James, concerning the death of Henry the Fourth of France; one said he was killed for his wenching, another said he was killed for turning his religion. "No," says king James, (who could not abide fighting) "he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom."

'**LAW.** A man may plead not guilty, and yet tell no lie; for by the law no man is bound to accuse himself: so that when I say, "not guilty," the meaning is, as if I should say by way of paraphrase, I am not so guilty as to tell you; if you will bring me to a trial, and have me punished for this you lay to my charge, prove it against me.'

'**LECTURERS.** Lectures do in a parish-church what the friars did heretofore, get away not only the affections, but the bounty, that should be bestowed upon the minister.

Lecturers get a great deal of money, because they preach the people tame, as a man watches a hawk; and then they do what they list with them.

The lectures in Black-friars, performed by officers of the army, tradesmen, and ministers, is as if a great lord should make a feast, and he would have his cook dress one dish, and his coachman another, his porter a third, &c.'

'**MARRIAGE.** 'Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people.'

'Marriage is nothing but a civil contract: it is true it is an ordinance of God; so is every other contract: God commands me to keep it when I have made it.'

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in *Æsop* were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

We single out particulars, and apply God's providence to them: thus when two are married, they cry it was God's providence we should come together, when God's providence does equally concur to every thing.'

'**MONEY.** Money makes a man laugh. A blind fiddler, playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him: his boy that led him, perceiving it, cried, "Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at you." "Hold thy peace, boy," said the fiddler; "we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them."

Euclid was beaten in Boccaline, for teaching his scholars a mathematical figure in his school, whereby he showed that all the lives both of princes and private men tended to one centre, "con gentilezza," handsomely to get money out of other men's pockets, and put it into their own.

The pope used heretofore to send the princes of Christendom to fight

against the Turk ; but prince and pope finely juggled together ; the moneys were raised, and some men went out to the holy war ; but commonly after they had got the money, the Turk was pretty quiet, and the prince and the pope shared it between them.

In all times the princes in England have done something illegal to get money : but then came a parliament, and all was well ; the people and the prince kissed and were friends, and so things were quiet for a while. Afterwards there was another trick found out to get money, and after they had got it, another parliament was called to set all right, &c. But now they have so outrun the constable . . . ?

**MORAL HONESTY.** They that cry down moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of religion, my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home ? On the other side, morality must not be without religion ; for if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality, is not a dram better than my mastiff-dog ; so long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be, he is a very good moral mastiff ; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face, and tear out your throat.'

**PEACE.** King James was pictured going easily down a pair of stairs, and upon every step there was written, "peace, peace, peace." The wisest way for men in these times is to say nothing.

When a country-wench cannot get her butter to come, she says, the witch is in her churn. We have been churning for peace a great while, and 't will not come ; sure the witch is in it.

Though we had peace, yet 't will be a great while ere things be settled. Though the wind lie, yet after a storm the sea will work a geat while.'

**RELIGION.** We look after religion as the butcher did after his knife, when he had it in his mouth.

Religion is made a juggler's paper ; now 't is a horse, now 't is a lanthorn, now 't is a boar, now 't is a man. To serve ends, religion is turned into all shapes.

Pretending religion and the law of God, is to set all things loose. When a man has no mind to do something he ought to do by his contract with man, then he gets a text, and interprets it as he pleases, and so thinks to get loose.

Some men's pretending religion, is like the roaring boys' way of challenges ; "Their reputation is dear, it does not stand with the honor of a gentleman ;" when, God knows, they have neither honor nor reputation about them.

They talk much of settling religion : religion is well enough settled already, if we would let it alone. Methinks we might look after, &c.

If men would say they took arms for any thing but religion, they might be beaten out of it by reason : out of that they they never can, for they will not believe you whatever you say.

The very "arcانum" of pretending religion in all wars, is, that something may be found out in which all men may have interest. In this the groom has as much interest as the lord. Were it for land, one has one thousand

acres, and the other but one : he would not venture so far as he that has a thousand. But religion is equal to both. Had all men land alike, by a "lex agraria," then all men would say they fought for land.'

**WIFE.** He that hath a handsome wife, by other men is thought happy; 't is a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the husband is cloyed with her. We are never content with what we have.

You shall see a monkey sometimes, that has been playing up and down the garden, at length leap up to the top of the wall, but his clog hangs a great way below on this side. The bishop's wife is like that monkey's clog; himself is got up very high, takes place of the temporal barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

"T is reason a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, 't is fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks." Very amusing. Our author must have been an incorrigible bachelor.

**WISDOM.** A wise man should never resolve upon any thing, at least never let the world know his resolution, for if he cannot arrive at that, he is ashamed. How many things did the king resolve in his declaration concerning Scotland, never to do, and yet did them all! A man must do according to accidents and emergencies.

Never tell your resolution beforehand; but when the cast is thrown, play it as well as you can to win the game you are at. "T is but folly to study how to play the size-ace, when you know not whether you shall throw it or not.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep, to ask her if his breath smelled: she said, "Ay;" he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him: he said, "No;" he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him: "Truly he had got a cold, and could not smell." King James was pictured, &c.'

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### THE ANCIENT HARPER.

Thou minstrel so worn, wake thy lyre yet again,  
It long hath been silent and idly hath hung—  
Oh breathe us a strain, a blithe, gladsome strain  
Of the good olden time and of joys long since gone—

Yea; rouse thy old harp, and sing long of high deed,  
Which the brave and chivalric of knighthood hath done;  
How he ranged the wide earth, nor thick battle did heed,  
So he by his scars had his 'ladie love' won.

Ah, no! for too oft hath those echoing strings  
Told of long days of joyance this dim eye once viewed;  
They may sleep—for old time with his envious wing  
Hath shadowed my joys—my hopes hath subdued.

Wilt sing to us then of the gay greenwood bowers  
 Where erst in the forest the summer bird hied?  
 And speak of the earth with its fair scenes and flowers,  
 That the full hand of nature hath richly supplied.

Alas! bid me ne'er sing of woodland or glade,  
 Grey Autumn's swift wind all their foliage will sere—  
 The glories of earth with its pleasures will fade,  
 And her treasures lie desolate, scattered and drear.

Then chant yet the lay still so dear to the heart,  
 Of bright hopes and beauty, and love's tender theme—  
 It will come like a spell never more to depart,  
 But more vividly glow like the sun's setting beam.

Once the hand of the minstrel, with magical skill,  
 Gave forth such sweet tones as the glad skies might claim;  
 But the dear ones who listened are breathless and still,  
 And as echoless thus must the lone harp remain.

This spirit hath seen the light visions of youth  
 Pass like waves on the shore so soon gone with tide;—  
 It hath sung of the gifted, of beauty, and truth—  
 Its last song of gladness hath melted and died.

E. S. L.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

ASTORIA: or Anecdotes of an enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains. By Washington Irving. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

To attempt a formal criticism on a work of him who has justly been termed 'the best living writer of English prose,' would be quite as an unprofitable employment as

'————— with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish.'

Such a height of arrogance would imply a greater puerility of judgment, at the least, than we might be desirous of having imputed to us. Abler pens by far have pointed out the peculiar beauties of the writings of our illustrious countryman, and we must add the bare remark, comprehensive though it be, that he adorns with a master's hand whatever falls under his observation.

The work before us, as its title indicates, is devoted to an exposition of the origin and progress of the enterprise set on foot by John Jacob Astor of New York, some twenty or thirty years since, which had for its object the extension of the fur trade beyond the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific. Our author remarks that it occurred to him on conversing with that gentleman, 'a work of this kind might comprise a variety of those curious details, so interesting to me, illustrative of the fur trade; of its remote and adventurous enterprises, and of the various People, and tribes, and castes, and characters, civilized and

savage, affected by its operations.' This gave rise to the publication of 'Astoria,' and the public are in possession of a work of much interest, rendered more pleasing by the beautiful style of narration, and the graphic description of scenes and scenery, so peculiar to the elegant author.

We have room for one extract only, exhibiting a terrific scene on board the Tonquin, Mr. Astor's ship. The Indians, having received some insult from a person connected with the ship, are bent on revenge which is very summarily inflicted, as appears by the following.

'The officer of the watch now felt alarmed, and called to Captain Thorn and Mr. M'Kay. By the time they came on deck, it was thronged with Indians. The interpreter noticed to Mr. M'Kay that many of the natives wore short mantles of skins, and intimated a suspicion that they were secretly armed. Mr. M'Kay urged the captain to clear the ship and get under way. He again made light of the advice; but the augmented swarm of canoes about the ship, and the numbers still putting off from shore, at length awakened his distrust, and he ordered some of the crew to weigh anchor, while some were sent aloft to make sail.

'The Indians now offered to trade with the captain on his own terms, prompted apparently by the approaching departure of the ship. Accordingly, a hurried trade was commenced. The main articles sought by the savages in barter, were knives; as fast as some were supplied they moved off, and others succeeded. By degrees they were thus distributed about the deck, and all with weapons.

'The anchor was now nearly up, the sails were loose, and the captain, in a loud and peremptory tone, ordered the ship to be cleared. In an instant a single yell was given: and the savages rushed upon their marked victims.

'The first that fell was Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk. He was leaning with folded arms, over a bale of blankets, engaged in bargaining, when he received a deadly stab in the back, and fell down the companionway.

'Mr. M'Kay, who was seated on the taffrail sprung on his feet, but was instantly knocked down with a war-club and flung backwards into the sea, where he was despatched by the women in the canoes.

'In the meantime, Captain Thorn made desperate fight against fearful odds. He was a powerful as well as resolute man; but he had come upon deck without weapons. Shewish, the young chief, singled him out as his peculiar prey, and rushed upon him at the first outbreak. The captain had barely time to draw a claspknife, with one blow of which he laid the young savage dead at his feet. Several of the stoutest followers of Shewish now set upon him. He defended himself vigorously, dealing crippling blows to right and left, and strewing the quarterdeck with the slain and the wounded. His object was, to fight his way to the cabin, where there were fire-arms; but he was hemmed in with foes, covered with wounds, and faint with loss of blood. For an instant he leaned upon the tiller wheel, when a blow from behind, with a war club, felled him to the deck, where he was despatched with knives and thrown overboard.

'While this was transacting upon the quarterdeck, a chance medley fight was going on throughout the ship. The crew fought desperately with knives, handspikes, and whatever weapon they could seize upon in the moment of surprise. They were soon, however overpowered by numbers and mercilessly butchered.

'As to the seven who had been sent aloft to make sail, they contemplated with horror the carnage that was going on below. Being destitute of weapons, they let themselves down by the running rigging, in hopes of getting between decks. One fell in the attempt, and was instantly despatched, another received a death blow in the back as he was descending; a third, Stephen Weeks, the armorer, was mortally wounded as he was getting down the hatchway.

'The remaining four made good their retreat into the cabin, where they found Mr. Lewis, still alive, though mortally wounded. Barricading the cabin door, they broke holes through the companionway, and, with the muskets an ammunition which were at hand, opened a brisk fire which soon cleared the deck.

'Thus far the Indian interpreter, from whom these particulars are derived, had been an eye-witness of the deadly conflict. He had taken no part in it, and had been spared by the natives as being of their race. In the confusion of the moment he took refuge with the rest in the canoes. The survivors of the crew now sallied forth, and discharged some of the deck guns, which did great execution among the canoes, and drove all the savages to shore.

'For the remainder of the day no one ventured to put off to the ship, deterred by the effects of the fire-arms. The night passed away without any further attempt on the part of the natives. When the day dawned, the Tonquin still lay

at anchor in the bay, her sails all loose and flapping in the wind, and no one apparently on board of her. After a time, some of the canoes ventured forth to reconnoitre, taking with them the interpreter. They paddled about her, keeping cautiously at a distance, but growing more and more emboldened at seeing her quiet and lifeless. One man at length made his appearance on the deck, and was recognized by the interpreter as Mr. Lewis. He made friendly signs, and invited them on board. It was long before they ventured to comply. Those who mounted the deck met with no opposition; no one was to be seen on board; for Mr. Lewis, after inviting them, had disappeared. Other canoes now pressed forward to board the prize; the decks were soon crowded, and the sides covered with clambering savages, all intent on plunder. In the midst of their eagerness and exultation, the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Arms, legs, and mutilated bodies were blown into the air, and dreadful havoc was made in the surrounding canoes. The interpreter was in the main chains at the time of the explosion, and was thrown unhurt into the water, where he succeeded in getting into one of the canoes. According to his statement, the bay presented an awful spectacle after the catastrophe. The ship had disappeared, but the bay was covered with fragments of the wreck, with shattered canoes, and Indians swimming for their lives, or struggling in the agonies of death; while those who had escaped the danger remained aghast and stupefied, or made with frantic panic for the shore. Upwards of a hundred savages were destroyed by the explosion, many more were shockingly mutilated, and for days afterward the limbs and bodies of the slain were thrown upon the beach.

The inhabitants of Neweetee were overwhelmed with consternation at this astounding calamity, which had burst upon them in the very moment of triumph. The warriors sat mute and mournful, while the women filled the air with loud lamentations. Their weeping and wailing, however, was suddenly changed into yells of fury at the sight of four unfortunate white men, brought captive into the village. They had been driven on shore in one of the ship's boats, and taken at some distance along the coast.

The interpreter was permitted to converse with them. They proved to be the four brave fellows who had made such desperate defence from the cabin. The interpreter gathered from them some particulars already related. They told him further, that, after they had beaten off the enemy, and cleared the ship, Lewis advised them that they should slip the cable and endeavor to get to sea. They declined to take his advice, alleging that the wind was set too strongly into the bay, and would drive them on shore. They resolved as soon as it was dark, to put off quietly in the ship's boat, which they would be able to do unperceived, and to coast along back to Astoria. They put their resolutions into effect; but Lewis refused to accompany them, being disabled by his wound, hopeless of escape, and determined on a terrible revenge. On the voyage out, he had repeatedly expressed a presentiment that he should die by his own hands; thinking it highly probable that he should be engaged in some contest with the natives, and being resolved, in case of extremity, to commit suicide, rather than be made a prisoner. He now declared his intention to remain on board of the ship until daylight, to decoy as many of the savages on board as possible, then to set fire to the powder magazine, and terminate his life by a single act of vengeance. How well he succeeded has been shown. His companions bade him a melancholy adieu, and set off on their precarious expedition. They strove with might and main to get out of the bay, but found it impossible to weather a point of land, and were at length compelled to take shelter in a small cove, where they hoped to remain concealed until the wind should be more favorable. Exhausted by fatigue and watching, they fell into a sound sleep, and in that state were surprised by the savages. Better had it been for those unfortunate men had they remained with Lewis and shared his heroic death: as it was, they perished in a more painful and protracted manner, being sacrificed by the natives to the manes of their friends with all the lingering tortures of savage cruelty. Some time after their death, the interpreter, who had remained a kind of prisoner at large, effected his escape, and brought the tragical tidings to Astoria.'

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND. By a Lady. Boston: American Stationers' Company. John B. Russell.

A work of the character of 'The Young Lady's Friend' has long been needed. Several have appeared in which the subject of female education has scarce received a moiety of the importance and attention it deserves, but something has at last been produced which makes thorough work. It strikes, in the outset, at the root of the evil, and pursues its way through every department of female educa-

tion with a firm and unsparing hand. A perusal of the book has given us much satisfaction, and we must say that it is characterized on every page by sentiments founded in good, substantial and practical common sense. We can cheerfully recommend it to every young lady, assuring her that if she will but follow its directions to the letter, she cannot fail of becoming a superior wife, and an ornament to society.

The following in relation to dress may not come amiss to our eastern ladies.

There is one thing which is never sufficiently taken into account in the fashions of this country, and that is climate. Receiving our models from the more equable temperature of France, they are often unsuited to the scorching suns of our summers, and the severe frosts of our winters. The English ladies set us a good example in this respect; they always accommodate their fashions to the dripping skies of their moist climate, and the chilliness produced by it; accordingly there never has been a winter for thirty years, when muff's were not generally worn. Broadcloth suits their drizzling weather particularly well, and therefore habits made of it, and coats and cloaks to wear in carriages, are always in use. Beaver hats, for riding on horseback, are always in fashion for the same reason; and so are coarse straw bonnets, particularly in the country, for an undress, and thick leather shoes for walking through the mud. The most delicate bred fine lady in the land puts on cotton stockings and thick shoes to walk out for exercise, and would think it very unlady-like not to be so provided; and on more dressy occasions, when she wears silk hose, she would on no account go out in cold weather without warm shoes, either kid lined with fur, or quilted silk shoes foxed with leather. To walk out, as our young ladies do, in cold and wet weather, with thin-soled prunella or kid shoes, would seem to them very vulgar; as betraying a want of suitableness, only to be accounted for by supposing the individual to be unable to provide herself with better.

Another extract on the same subject may not be inapplicable to other places than New York.

'Dr. Spurzheim observed, that the American ladies were deficient in the organ of color, and said, that, on landing in New York, he was shocked to see ladies wearing indiscriminately all the colors of the rainbow, without regard to their complexions, or the seasons of the year, and often with pink, blue, and yellow on at the same time.'

In nothing is the taste of Parisian dames more conspicuous, than in the skilful selection of colors; and when a taste for the fine arts is more diffused in this country, we shall not see our belles with pink ribbons on their bonnets, and blue shawls on their shoulders, while their hands display yellow gloves and gree bags. Nor shall we witness sallow complexions contrasted with sky-blue, nor flushed cheeks surrounded by the hues of the rose, nor pale ones made to appear more colorless by green linings. All these things will, in time, be better understood, when the cultivated and refined portion of society shall have learned to regard dress less as a matter to be taken on trust from foreign dealers in finery, than as an individual accomplishment, and to consider, that their own appearance in the world depends more on their own good taste, than the length of their fathers' purses.'

**THE NEW YORK BOOK.** George Dearborn has recently published a collection of fugitive poetry under this title, in style similar to his edition of Drake's and Halleck's Poems. '*Autumn Leaves*' is the title of a similar collection from foreign periodicals, mostly from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

**PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.** The Harpers have published a new edition of this immortal work, with a life of the Author by Robert Southey, illustrated with fifty wood-cuts. It is said to be a superior edition.

**MARYLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE.** David Creamer, of Baltimore, publisher of the neat and elegant '*Monument*,' has issued proposals for publishing a monthly periodical with the above title as soon as five hundred subscribers can be obtained. Each number is to contain from sixty to eighty pages of original matter, and embellished occasionally with engravings, at five dollars a year. Baltimore can boast of several fine writers, as the pages of the **MAINE MONTHLY** fully show. May the publisher succeed in the enterprise.